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THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
JUNE, 1929

Correspondence

Unemployment

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—It is instructive to read in Mr. Douglas Jerrold's " Budget and the Conservative Programme " :—

". . . . health insurance benefit keeps people out of productive employment *when they are sick"* (p. 526—italics mine). There is a widespread, though no doubt erroneous, belief that it is sickness which keeps people out of productive employment when they are sick.

Mr. Jerrold further informs us that :

" What we call the unemployment problem is merely the symptom of over-expenditure" (p. 526). (" Over-expenditure " *on the part of the State,* I infer.)

Well, not if facts have anything to say. Who can deny that unemployment was rampant during the whole of last century, as well as in the pre-war years of the present century, when the revenue stood at a fraction of its present amount ?

" Past and Present " was published in 1843, when the rate of taxation per head of population (Census 1841) for the United Kingdom was, approximately to the nearest shilling, £1 16s. as against our actual £19. Let whoever is inclined to lay the blame for today's enforced mass idleness to " the war," " high taxation," or " the dole," ponder well Carlyle's vivid pictures of workless misery in the " hungry 40's."

Again, we are told that, " every piece of social legislation passed in the last two decades has directly or indirectly reduced the number of producers without reducing the number of consumers " (p. 527).

To judge from the facts, it is rather technical improvements and " rationalization " applied, as most often, for the purpose of lowering production costs through the displacement of labour, which are responsible for any direct or indirect reduction in the number of producers. The United States, despite advanced technique, super-trustification and high production, a " self-contained " country moreover, publishes figures showing the number of unemployed at over three million. There or elsewhere, the displaced producer will not quickly be reabsorbed even in " nonproductive " industry; meanwhile, he ceases virtually to be a consumer. How much the labour market would stand to benefit were every piece of social legislation

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passed in the last two decades ruthlessly scrapped, the starvation epidemics of last century show all too clearly.

"Wealth is not goods"—I cite Mr. Jerrold (p. 527)—"but goods available for exchange—and, for a country which is not self-supporting, *goods available for exchange in the world's markets.*"

The protective tariffs which hamper our export trade are unlikely to become less restrictive in the future, for most countries are endeavouring to become—are actually in process of becoming—industrially self-contained; Britain's days as "the world's workshop" are definitely past. We are therefore under the necessity of developing the home market; but, as things are, the mass of the people are simply too poor, too wretchedly poor, to consume what the country is in a position to produce. Here is the capital and administrative ability, the plant, the labour. Here also are those who require the goods; for all that we needs must have, year in, year out, "bad trade" and millions on the verge of starvation.

The shoe pinches. Therefore (we are in effect told) we must cut the foot to fit the shoe. Are Conservatives incapable of realizing that this is a more desperate expedient (especially from the foot's point of view!) even than making a new shoe? Are Conservatives incapable of realizing that it is this *non possumus* attitude with regard to social problems, above all with regard to unemployment, which is responsible for the rise of Socialism?

Yours, etc.,

EDWARD R. GOULD.

22 Richmond Place, Brighton.
May 16.

Old Books

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW

SIR,—In your last issue Mr. Lloyd writes pleasantly as a connoisseur of comely old books which are attractive for that reason :—

> The form, the form alone is eloquent,

as Tennyson puts it. He is quite right, if I can trust a fairly long experience, in saying that the sixpenny or fourpenny box contains no book above these values. But he is wrong, from the ordinary reader's point of view, if he thinks that the array of volumes priced at sixpence or fourpence outside the second-hand bookshops are only worth their price to a book-lover. I have secured quite good Victorian books at these prices; and if the Press were less snobbish and less given to advertising the "records" of high-priced books, it would print from time to time articles about these chances. The Victorian books are often quite as sound as the rehash of them offered at a higher price as new. We have Lamb's authority, too, for not "despising the sullied leaves and worn-out appearance" which may be even "beautiful to a genuine lover of reading." See his "Detached Thoughts on Books."

What distresses me is the way in which the second-hand bookshops of London are disappearing. There was that shop just off Chancery Lane, where I bought two stately volumes of Johnson's Dictionary for 2s., and where the proprietor looked like an elderly saint worn with the trials of this world; all gone! There was another I missed when I was last in Red Lion Square; but the tale seems in so many places the same: going or gone. I have walked round a thickly-populated region for three miles and counted thirty-three drapery shops for women's adornment and not a single bookshop a real book-lover would care to enter, only the sort of establishment which lives on the cheap Press and cheap magazines, and offers well-known classics in the mangled form popularized by the cinema.

These are, I suppose, the fruits of democracy, which, I learn from one of its exponents quoted among your reviews, is "predisposed to mediocrity." It is, indeed. It prefers the crude and bluffing arrivist to the statesman; sport to thinking; and sensational stuff to books which need and deserve solid reading.

The public rewards of merit, too, which might suggest different standards, follow these lines of pitiable popularity.

Yours, etc.,

BOUQUINEUR.

Christian Science *versus* Plagiarism

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW

SIR,—You call attention in your current number to the success of Christian Science. I have just received a pamphlet, headed as above, which throws a lurid light on its founder. Mrs. Annie C. Bill points out

A MAN IN RAPTURE

Quoted from "My Lady Nicotine," by Sir J. M. Barrie . . .

Then I sat down beside Gilray, and almost smoked into his eyes. Soon the aroma reached him, and rapture struggled into his face. Slowly his fingers fastened on the pouch. He filled his pipe, without knowing what he was doing, and I handed him a lighted spill. He took perhaps three puffs, and then gave me a look of reverence that I know well. It only comes to a man once in all its glory—the first time he trys the Arcadia Mixture—but it never altogether leaves him.

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Craven

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that Mrs. Eddy, herself condemning plagiarism severely, was an accomplished plagiarist from Carlyle, Ruskin, Amiel, and Kingsley, neither mentioning her sources nor using quotation marks. The parallel passages given show this clearly. Further, it appears that Mrs. Eddy got her ideas of mental science from a Dr. Quimby, who healed her after a serious accident; yet she later stated that he was "in no wise connected with" her discovery. Quimby sometimes got, or thought he got, the disease he was treating, and Mrs. Eddy in 1882 declared her husband had been murdered "by arsenical poisoning mentally administered"! As mental healing failed, she and many of her followers resorted to the physician secretly. This has been denied for many years by Publication Committees.

I know nothing of the schisms of this fashionable sect, but I am glad to gather that Mrs. Bill has reinstated the physician as an open aid. The position of those who die because they will not call in the doctor seems particularly foolish in view of these revelations. A creed bolstered up with suppression of facts may be useful, but one does not see how it can be convincing. Mrs. Eddy's claim to be "hopelessly original" in the circumstances is quite funny, and the position of her supporters, suppressing facts, is quite human, not in the least divine.

Yours, etc.,

W. H. J.

Kensington. May 23.

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ENGLISH REVIEW

JUNE, 1929

Current Comments

I HOPE that Mr. H. A. L. Fisher's article on India in this number will be widely read. There is no graver problem than this, and the solution which we reach will affect not merely the vast population of India, but the whole of Asia. As Mr. Fisher points out, the cardinal problem is how to secure Indian co-operation. To this problem there is one parallel in political history, and that is the discouraging one of Ireland, where no constitution has ever been suggested which has commanded the approval of both races and both religions in that island. Yet the Irish problem is comparatively simple compared with that of India, because the religious groupings, if we except the City of Belfast, are concentrated within defined areas. Imagine an Ireland where every city presented the same balance of religious forces as in Belfast and where every county was inhabited by races at least as different one from another as the Ulsterman is different from the Southern Irishman, and we get some very rough idea of the nature of the problem. Imagine Ireland magnified to the size of a continent and we get some idea of its magnitude. Happily, the opposition parties in this country, with their instinctive sympathy for the rights of minorities, are fully alive to the necessity of giving India a strong Government rather than a free Government, if, as seems certain, a choice has to be made between the two.

India

FEW men in English politics, probably none save Lord Shelburne, have occupied so curious a position as Lord Rosebery. He, like Lord Shelburne, is one of the handful of Prime Ministers in our history who are classified at once and by everyone as men of first-class intellect. Yet he never had a following or achieved a career. To have

Lord Rosebery

been Prime Minister and yet to have been judged a failure by all is, indeed, an amazing paradox. At one time it looked as if Lord Balfour would suffer the same fate, but a marvellous physique, an indomitable will, and an intense love of the political game gave him a second innings which has altered finally the judgment of history. Lord Rosebery, whether for physical reasons or out of mere fastidiousness, never "came back." He will be remembered as a great orator who never made a great speech, a great writer who never wrote a great book, and a Prime Minister who was not a great politician. Mr. John Burns paid a striking tribute to his memory, hailing him a great citizen of London and the only statesman who saw the danger of a departure from the "splendid isolation" of our Victorian foreign policy. Mr. Lloyd George, in an interesting disclosure, confirms the view that Lord Rosebery regarded Lord Lansdowne's *entente cordiale* as a disaster. So, too, is mortality, but we are men. A country can live like a Chatham or retire from the stage like a Rosebery. There is no half-way house.

Naval Disarmament Again

The new disarmament proposals from Washington deserve close consideration. The objections to the limitation of tonnage for cruisers as a class were insuperable because the cruiser is a generic term for two utterly different types of ship, the one a fighting ship, and the other a police ship. It followed that a country which needed a large quantity of small cruisers for police work on the world's trade routes could only, under the original American proposal, get her requirements by accepting from the start a permanent inferiority in heavily-armoured fighting cruisers. The new proposal has, on the contrary, the merit that it covers the whole field of warships and that this type of difficulty may be expected to cancel out. In other words, under the first proposal we were at a disadvantage if, as is the case, we wanted both light and heavy cruisers, since we could not have an adequate supply of the one without cutting down our requirements of the other. Now, we can have both light and heavy cruisers to our heart's content if we can do without something else, and we are at liberty to choose

what that something is. An over-riding advantage of the new scheme is that it will force our scientifically-minded seamen to think twice about the real necessity of some of the super-ships in which they are delighting today. Given a total maximum tonnage, we shall not only get a cheaper, but a better, navy. *But the total tonnage must be adequate.*

Election Facts

BEFORE these notes are published the election will be over. Whatever the result, certain clear facts emerge which demand the attention of all statesmen and will secure the attention only of whichever party or parties suffer defeat. The first is the anomaly of the three-cornered election. The nomination of nearly 1,800 candidates for 615 seats means that no Government can hope to be anything more than a minority Government so far as votes are concerned. Minority Governments are weak Governments, and if our present system is maintained, some method must be found of enabling the electors either to express their second thoughts (by the device of the second ballot) or to express two thoughts at the same time (by the device of the alternative vote). This is common ground among all those of any party who realize that the business of electors is not to settle a policy, but to choose a Government. The necessity for reform is opposed only by those (though they, too, are to be found in all parties) who dislike government, and are seeking to transform our representative system into a new system based on what, in effect, is not a periodical election of representatives, but a periodical referendum on programmes.

The Real Electorate

THIS brings us to the second fact which this election has made clear. The *referendum* system may or may not be workable under some conditions; it is provedly quite unworkable under an unrestricted franchise operating in constituencies with five-figure electorates. Every candidate I have talked to has told me the same story. It has been in practice useless to talk of the differences of policy on which this election has nominally been fought. This fact constitutes the gravest political

question of the day—far graver than the question of unemployment. It would be bad enough if the three political parties were all equally concerned to educate the electorate, but in this election, at any rate, the Labour Party, by extremely astute tactics, have been concerned to keep questions of principle—on which the electorate can form some kind of common-sense judgment—studiously in the background and to represent the issues as being largely technical. The effect of the endless discussions of the last three weeks on inflation, the reconstruction of industry, the future of the export trades, price levels, and so on, has been very much as Mr. Ramsay MacDonald must have wished. The average elector will not be bothered with them at any price. He simply refuses to follow the arguments between, for instance, Mr. J. M. Keynes and the Government critics of Mr. Lloyd George's scheme, or between Mr. Snowden and Mr. Runciman. Whether this is because he cannot or because he will not understand the arguments is a matter of opinion. That he does not is a question of fact. The result is that the issue of the election will have been, by the time these notes appear in print, determined simply and solely by the comparative attractiveness of the two psychological appeals—"Safety First" and "Let the other fellow have a chance."

The Moral

THE moral of these facts is clear. Our political system will not work. Either democracy must be reorganized to enable its institutions to become representative once more, or if the object be to elect delegates and submit not men but measures to the electorate, we must proceed by means of a series of referenda on single issues, in which case it is at least arguable that the process of political education might not be found too arduous. The alternative is an authoritarian *coup d'état*, which no Englishman wants. If he buries his head, however, in the sands of an unworkable and, indeed, ludicrous system, he may find himself in a situation from which there is no congenial escape. The methods by which effective representation might be secured were discussed in these notes a few months back.

PARTISAN thinkers may comment unfavourably on the view expressed above. Surely, it will be said, the Labour policy is so dangerous and so falsely grounded that, if and when Labour attains power, they will do definite harm and provoke a reaction. Frankly, I very much doubt it. The vice of all political charlatanism is that it creates a situation in which charlatans flourish. Ultimately, of course, causes will produce their effects, but it is a safe political gamble that the connection between the two will never be detected by the masses. Mr. Keynes's pamphlet on Mr. Lloyd George's unemployment scheme provides an almost classic instance of this. "No ordinary man, left to himself," says Mr. Keynes, "is able to believe that if there had been no housing schemes in recent years, there would, nevertheless, have been just as much employment." One would imagine that Mr. Keynes was writing at the height of a trade boom against some malicious critics who were trying out of mere spite to pretend that the vast outpouring of Government money on social services had really had nothing to do with our prosperity. Actually Mr. Keynes is writing at a time when the facts of exceptional unemployment and an unprecedented development in all forms of Government expenditure (except expenditure on armaments) are about the only two undisputed facts on the political horizon. Mr. Keynes is, however, quite right in saying that the ordinary man does not connect these two facts, and so far from Mr. Lloyd George, who is primarily responsible, being regarded in that light, he has been able to come forward as the one man who can cure the evil he has done so much to create. And Mr. Keynes at least sees nothing odd or harmful in the proposal to use as a cure the same policies which provoked the disease.

The Socialist Challenge

MR. KEYNES'S pamphlet, "Can Lloyd George do it?" deserves a little consideration, even after the election, because, whatever party or parties are in office in the next few years, the basic question of Government spending as a cure, or palliative, for unemployment will remain. Mr. Keynes defends his position by ignoring

Mr. Keynes's Pamphlet Considered

very cleverly the one, but conclusive, argument against him. He proves, quite irrelevantly (a) that there is capital available for investment; (b) that by employing men you reduce unemployment; and (c) that good roads are better than bad. He jumps with something very like disingenuousness to the conclusion that if you borrow money to make roads, you are doing a wise thing. Had he contented himself with the conclusion that if you borrow money to make roads, the men you employ to make the roads will cease to be unemployed, he would have been on hard ground. As it is, he has gone far beyond his premises. I will tackle Mr. Keynes on his own chosen ground—common sense. He defines his main task as "to confirm the reader's instinct that what seems sensible is so, and what seems nonsense is nonsense." Now, precisely what seems nonsense about Mr. Lloyd George's proposals is the idea that if you set 500,000 men to produce non-exchangeable and non-consumable commodities, you will thereby increase the available supply of exchangeable and consumable commodities. And it not only seems nonsense, but, to apply Mr. Keynes's own words, it is nonsense. Yet to increase the effective demand for consumable commodities (and Mr. Keynes proves up to the hilt that directly and indirectly Mr. Lloyd George will do this) without increasing the supply is inflation—temporary inflation, if the supply will ultimately be increased, but permanent inflation, if it will never be increased. This is the only argument, but also the conclusive argument against Mr. Lloyd George's proposals.

Are Roads "Productive"?

I WILL meet at once three possible answers, with all of which Mr. Keynes toys. The first answer accepts the argument but pleads that the expenditure proposed would ultimately so improve the machinery of British industry as a whole that our export trade, on which, of course, we depend for cheap necessaries, would revive in its pristine glory. This plea will not hold water as far as roads and houses are concerned. No man ever produced more because half his rent was paid for him by somebody else, though it may be pushing logic too far to

say, as some sincerely do, that he tends to produce actually less. And as for roads, the general reconstruction of our *internal* transport system cannot drastically or even materially affect exports, though local schemes to prevent congestion at the docks would, of course, help.

Do We Get Richer by Consuming More?

THE second answer is more ingenious, but the very reverse of what is suitable to a man who takes his stand on common sense. It is the old "Douglas Scheme" argument that in some mysterious way by increasing the effective demand for food, drink, and clothing you somehow increase the supply—presumably by magic. This argument gained a lot of credit during the war because our unparalleled expenditure did produce a temporary wave of prosperity. Now that we have seen, all over Europe, the ultimate results of that delusive prosperity, it is rather late to resurrect this particular fallacy.

Creating Employment by Breaking Windows

THE third answer is the weakest of all. Really, says Mr. Keynes, we shall not be spending very much unproductively. We shall save on the "dole," and the total of men to be re-employed will be reabsorbed into productive industries. As regards the first point, the objection to the dole is that it gives purchasing power to people who are producing nothing. If we give treble the purchasing power to people who are still (in an economic sense) producing nothing, we are not "saving" on the dole, but trebling its harmfulness. So far as this point is concerned, therefore, Mr. Keynes's case stands or falls by his ability to prove that roads and subsidized houses are, economically, productive. If they are, well and good. If not, the dole argument helps him in no way. As regards the second point, it is quite true that one of the advantages of the Lloyd George scheme is that roadmakers will want more boots and will thus assist employment in the boot industry as well as in his own trade. But this was equally true of the munitions maker, and would be equally true of the glazier if we adopted the old lady's historic cure for unemployment and broke every window in the country tomorrow. The fallacy is,

indeed, so obvious—unless the "productiveness" of the new services can first be proved—that it is not worth arguing about.

I make no apology for dealing, even after the election has been fought, with this question, because it will remain in the forefront of politics for some time. The appeal of all proposals for spending public money is natural and human. The power of politicians to resist it is as good a test as can be devised of their acumen and integrity.

Mr. Snowden and Mr. Lloyd George

I AM surprised, incidentally, to see that Mr. Snowden, in his anxiety to attack Mr. Lloyd George without criticizing his own party's policy of profligate expenditure, has been driven to ascribe our unemployment not to inflation, but to the reverse process of deflation. In one sense, of course, this is true. But Mr. Snowden knows well enough that deflation was inevitable. It is precisely for this reason that inflation is a fatal and futile policy. It is a process of building a fool's paradise. The circle of rising prices and rising wages cannot be continued indefinitely, even in a young and self-supporting country, as Australia is discovering to her cost today. If it had been allowed to continue in this country—it will be remembered that it *did* continue until prices were nearly 200 per cent. above the pre-war level—the only possible result would have been starvation. It is arguable, of course, that the £1 sterling, like the franc, might have been stabilized on a devaluated basis, but that would have involved, as an alternative to thoroughgoing deflation, a measure of repudiation which might have shattered our credit. This was the only possible alternative, and it is essential to remember it. You cannot waste thousands of millions of pounds without impoverishing somebody. Anyone who imagines the contrary is a fool.

A Journalistic Triumph

THE journalistic triumph of the campaign has fallen to Lord Beaverbrook, whose repeated pleas for a strong lead from the rival leaders on railway reform succeeded in getting all parties very satisfactorily committed to an essential reform. Why Mr. Baldwin took so long to make up

his mind must remain a mystery. Whereas the connection between better and wider roads and cheaper road freights is nebulous and long-dated at the best, the connection between lower rail freights and the reorganization of goods traffic is direct and immediate. Moreover, our export trade is directly assisted by cheaper railways in its fight for the Continental markets. In other words, the economic arguments which tell against any lavish expenditure on roads are not valid against capital expenditure applied to goods traffic reform. All parties should now show their sincerity by getting on with the business.

Einstein and Pacifism

I AM amused at the protest which has been made by the *Saturday Review* against the treatment of Dr. Einstein by the German Nationalists. It appears that the intervention of these gentlemen has prevented the grant by the German Government of a substantial capital sum to this distinguished man of science. Our contemporary, noting that the Nationalist opposition is based on the fact that Dr. Einstein is a pacifist and internationalist, remarks that this is an unworthy ground for objecting to the recognition by the State of a distinguished scientist. Excellent. If the scientists are prepared to leave the State alone, I shall be ready to subsidize their scientific activities. At the moment, however, one cannot take up a paper without reading an article by a "distinguished scientist" on birth control, sterilization of the unfit, how to abolish war, the future of man, the future of Europe, the future of the world, and the future of God. God, incidentally, has usually the poorest of prospects, once the scientists get to work with their prophecies. This scientific omniscience not only justifies, but demands criticism. Either the scientific *Credo* is a coherent whole, like the Catholic philosophy, or the humanistic philosophy of the Renaissance, or the rationalist philosophy of the eighteenth century, or else "science" is merely a loose journalistic term to cover a number of different technologies. If the former, the political objection is relevant, and no scientist can claim a professional immunity from lay criticism. It would be as ridiculous for Mr. Baldwin

to deprecate the criticism of harassed income taxpayers on the ground that he was a hard-working professional politician. If, however, the scientist holds not the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, but merely of one department of the laboratory, he must expect to be rapped over the knuckles when he strays outside his province, just as surely as Mr. Augustus John or Sir William Llewellyn would be arrested if they started preaching mutiny to the Brigade of Guards.

Lord Hugh Cecil and Mr. Lloyd George

It is this kind of loose thinking which is responsible for the muddled reception given to Lord Hugh Cecil's letter in the *Times* last month about Mr. Lloyd George. There is today a revolt from reason which goes beyond the bounds of our legitimate aspirations. Our reason may be human, and therefore liable to error. It is, however, the duty of decent and Christian men to *try* to think, and Lord Hugh Cecil, in his courageous letter, has merely allowed the processes of reason to lead him to necessary conclusions. The behaviour of electrons may be discontinuous, but that of human beings is not, and all attempts to forget the past for the sake of a problematical future can be defended only by invoking an hypothesis of individual human progress for which no jot or tittle of evidence is available. Mr. Lloyd George has convinced not only Conservatives and Labour men, but his own colleagues of his "instability." For these same colleagues to turn round and ask the people of this country to support him today is an insult to their own consciences and other people's intelligence. It amounts, if we refuse the alternative explanation that it is merely a political dodge, to a refusal to accept the only deduction from admitted premises. That, in fact, is what it is. The faith in reason is dead. People are so bemused by the fancies of science and their obvious opposition to the facts of experience, that they distrust their own reason almost instinctively. "Sir J—— B——, who was successfully operated upon last night, died this morning." This notice I actually saw on the tape machine only a few weeks ago. If a Roman Catholic had written that

"Sir J—— B——, who was completely cured at Lourdes last night, died this morning," the scientists would have laughed. Not so two Roman Catholics whom I saw reading this preposterous example of scientific bugaboo. They had been taught (not by religious precept, but by scientific example) to keep their logical faculties purely for religious affairs. So it is with politicians. Except Lord Hugh Cecil.

The Truth About the Party Funds

THE pretence, of course, that Mr. Lloyd George's fund is like any other political fund is obvious casuistry. It is a question of fact that the British public, slow to be roused and loyal to the point of quixotry in its allegiance to its public men, was moved to a quite general indignation by the wholesale distribution of honours under the Coalition Government. This is a fact, not a fancy. No useful purpose is served at this date by recalling the succession of painful episodes, ending in an open scandal in the House of Lords, which roused the public temper. Even if every case could be explained away, and every apparently anomalous award justified, Mr. Lloyd George would still stand condemned for having, in theological language, given scandal. His administration, so far as this matter is concerned, lowered the repute of English public men and shattered the confidence of the public in their integrity. This was an unmitigated evil of which the consequences are not yet at an end. To pretend that all political parties have done the same is to pretend that the British public in their anger against the Coalition were the victims of a grotesque illusion. In reminding us of the real facts, Lord Hugh Cecil has done public service.

Airships Again

WE make no apology for returning to the question of airships, with which "Poseidon" dealt in our last number. At that time there was one airship, the *Graf Zeppelin*, which had not come to grief. The exception now belongs to the past. Dr. Eckener's ship escaped disaster through the fortunate accident of being in the neighbourhood of a

French naval base where landing facilities were available. Had she been flying over the Atlantic, Australia, Africa, or Asia, disaster would have been inevitable. The lesson is at last sinking in slowly but surely; the "Great Delusion" is working its way into the common stock of realized truth. But public money is still being spent, and if the *Graf Zeppelin* makes a new and successful flight (she may have done so by the time these words appear in print) there will be another wave of fatuous optimism. That the possibility of airships making a safe and expeditious journey between two points depends simply on the strength and direction of the prevailing wind is a mathematical certainty—given, of course, immunity from engine trouble and the risks of destruction by lightning. But this age, reputedly so scientific, is taking a long time to face the facts.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

The Problem of India

By The Rt. Hon. H. A. L. Fisher

TEN years ago India received a new constitutional charter of great and far-reaching importance. Those who listened to Mr. Edwin Montagu as he carried the Government of India Bill through the House of Commons in the summer of 1919 will feel the contrast between the high hopes entertained by that brilliant idealist and the grey and cheerless realities which now confront us. Never has a constitution been more carefully constructed or launched upon a deeper tide of generous feeling for the peoples whose interests it was framed to promote than the Government of India Act of 1919. That great instrument reposed upon the principle, first announced to the House of Commons on August 20, 1917, that henceforth British policy was "not only the increasing association of Indians in every branch of the administration, but also the granting of self-governing institutions with a view to the progressive realization of responsible government in India as an integral part of the British Empire." The Morley-Minto Councils which invited the natives of India to debate, but gave them no share in the tasks of government, were considered to have done their work. It was held to be no longer to the advantage of the Indian Government, and still less to the furtherance of the political education of the Indian people, that the energies of the native *intelligentsia* should be consumed in criticism and that no Indian politician should go through the salutary process of himself acting and facing the responsibilities which action involves. So it was decided to set up Indian Ministers dependent upon Indian Legislatures elected by, and responsible to, Indian constituencies.

The provinces were selected as the field within which the first steps towards the progressive realization of responsible government were to be taken. Here all the "nation-building services," education, public health, industry, agriculture, local government, and the like were

transferred to Indian Ministers, who were at the same time to be members of the Provincial Government. The security services were "reserved" and placed under the Governor's Executive Council, and, lest the Legislature should perchance be tempted to starve the reserved services of supplies, the Governor was empowered in a case of need to pass legislation over its head.

This is the famous system of dyarchy recommended in the very able report on Indian Constitutional Reforms (1918) which appeared over the signatures of Mr. Montagu and Lord Chelmsford, and was embodied in the Government of India Act of the following year. In every province the Governor was to be assisted by an Executive Council for the reserved, and by a Cabinet of Indian Ministers for the transferred, services, the one body responsible to the Viceroy, the Secretary of State, and ultimately to the British Parliament, the other to an Indian Legislature. There was no reason why the Executive Council and the Indian Ministers should not deliberate in common. Indeed, they were encouraged to do so, but their responsibilities were distinct. They derived their authority from different sources, and laboured for the most part in different fields.

In the government of India the fundamental dualism which cannot be altogether eliminated from any system that endeavours to combine Indian Parliamentary institutions with British control is discreetly veiled. Here there is no division of services, there are no transferred departments. The Indians are accorded a majority in both branches of the Legislature, and an increased representation on the Executive Council of the Governor-General; but upon their liberty, wide as it is, there is a curb. The Governor-General may certify legislation as necessary to the welfare of the country, and so pass it over the heads of the Indian Chambers. It is a power to be used with discretion, but on three occasions, at least, experience has shown its necessity.

By these and other delicately balanced devices it was hoped that a large and honourable field of responsible public activity would be opened to politically-minded Indians without risk to law and order or danger to the British connection. All the dynamic and progressive

services were handed over to an Indian agency. It was no longer, so it was hoped, to be open to the Indian critic to charge the British Raj with neglect of education or agriculture, for all matters affecting the schools and the villages would be transferred to Indian Ministers. On the other hand, by such devices as certification and the reservation of certain services, such as prisons and police, the security of the country would not be exposed to risk arising out of the inexperience of Ministers or religious dissensions, or the by no means negligible machinations of the revolutionary party.

The system so introduced is parliamentary but not democratic. Out of a population of 247 millions in British India there are but six million electors. The Indian Legislatures therefore represent a very small fraction of the population. A vast ocean of illiterate peasantry spreads round the tiny islet of privileged voters. Nobody to my knowledge, not even the most fanatical extremist, has ever suggested universal suffrage for India. Everybody admits that the expansion of the Indian electorate must necessarily be made to depend upon the spread of education.

British India is not the only element in the vast problem upon which a decision is shortly to be taken by the Imperial Parliament. There is also the India of the six hundred Princes. Now, the India of the Princes cannot be neglected, not only by reason of the extent of its area, amounting to about a third of the whole country, but also because the relations of the Princes to the British Crown have been determined by a series of treaties which cannot be altered without mutual consent. The attitude of the Princes, the character of their government, the modes in which Princely India may be linked on to British India are matters of the greatest interest and importance. Under the present constitution there is provision for a Chamber in which the Princes may discuss their common interests, but no means by which they may affect the general course of all-India legislation. The Parliament at Delhi may, without so much as inviting the observations of the Princes or their governments, enact an all-India tariff, which raises the cost of living in every native State.

The reforms of 1919 were of so far-reaching a character, and were introduced at a moment so unfavourable to their successful working, that it seems a pity that the question of a new constitution for British India should now be raised. It was, however, an integral part of the Montagu scheme that the Government of India Act should be reviewed in the light of experience after it had been in operation for ten years; and quite apart from this definite undertaking, Indian public opinion has been so clamorous for revision that the British Government had no option in the matter. It could not say to India what is the real truth. "The Act of 1919 has never been given a full and fair trial under favourable circumstances. Is it not better to try it fully before we agree to discard it?" The Government was bound to enter into the view that the time had come for considering a new step forward on the road to full political responsibility. There can, however, be little doubt that these roving commissions tend to inflame the political atmosphere in India, and to stir up racial passions. It is to be hoped that, whatever reforms may be the result of the Simon Commission, the device of a decennial revising Commission will not be among them.

There is no constitution so bad that it cannot be worked with goodwill and good sense. The problem of securing Indian goodwill is far more difficult than the task of framing a constitution, complex and arduous as that task must necessarily be. The Indian politicians can break down any constitution if they think it worth while to do so. The dyarchy of the Montagu-Chelmsford report was a perfectly workable form of constitution, and as good a scheme for combining a high degree of Imperial security with a generous measure of Indian self-government as is likely to be achieved, but it has not, on the whole, worked well, because so many Indian politicians have preferred that it should work ill. At first the provincial Parliaments were boycotted by the non-co-operators. Afterwards the Swaraj party got themselves elected in order that they might bring discredit on the system. From first to last there has been a singular lack of goodwill towards any part of the new constitution.

Nor is there evidence that Indian public opinion will

be more favourably disposed to any new plan which may be put forward. Sir John Simon's Commission has returned to England safe and sound, but they needed police protection not only in India, but even on their arrival in London. One might have thought from the attitude taken up by a certain section of the Indian Press that this Commission of English gentlemen had been sent out to India, not in order to see how the liberties of British India might be extended, but to recommend their abridgment, if not their abolition. It is true that after the preliminary outburst of indignation aroused by the announcement of the purely English Commission had been allayed, the Indian legislatures were induced to appoint committees to assist Sir John Simon in his work. But the Swaraj party as a whole refused to co-operate, and many influential leaders of public opinion in India, whose help would have been and would still be valuable, continue to stand aloof.

A passing mood of sulkiness on the part of the Indian leaders would not, perhaps, be a serious thing. The misfortune is that the political chiefs of the Indian people have adopted an advanced position from which it will be difficult for them to execute a becoming retreat. They have threatened that if Dominion status is not granted to India by the end of the year, they will organize a campaign of boycott and non-co-operation. Instead of reserving for themselves the liberty of intelligent criticism upon the Simon report, they have taken up in advance a threatening attitude of hostility, which does not conduce to an easy settlement of the problem of Indian Government. Unless they can in some way be brought to modify this unyielding posture, we may look for breakers ahead.

The Swaraj party is not, of course, all India. There is a vast body of Conservative Indian opinion, rather unobtrusive, rather timid, which is by no means anxious for far-reaching concessions to nationalist sentiment. But undoubtedly Gandhi and his followers do represent a very important and active element in Indian life. It will be of great consequence for the future success of the new constitution, whatever it may be, that some of the principal figures in the Swaraj party should be brought

over to view it, if not with favour, at least with acquiescence.

Nobody has been more keenly alive to the necessity of enlisting the fullest measure of Indian co-operation, and support, for the work of the Commission than Sir John Simon himself.

Owing to a blunder for which he was in no way responsible, the Commission was introduced to the public in such a way as to make it appear that the British Government was preparing to impose an English-made constitution upon India, without regard to the political aspirations of the Indian people. Sir John Simon lost no time in announcing that Indian co-operation would be invited, but the harm had been done, and the Commission started upon its work in India under an atmosphere envenomed by suspicion and distrust. By degrees a good deal of effective Indian collaboration was secured; but it cannot be said that the initial handicap was ever entirely overcome, or Indian public opinion cleared of the angry prejudice engendered by the first false step.

The real difficulty is psychological. The politically minded Indian can hardly help being a nationalist. "India for the Indians" is his dream, and nobody can say that this is not an honourable dream. At some stage or other he contemplates India without the English. I remember Gokhale saying to me in a moment of confidence that, of course, the English would be necessary so long as the political education of the Indian people remained in its present state of imperfection, but that a moment might come when, by a sudden and mystical illumination, the whole population of India would be inspired by the sense of a common nationality, and that from that moment the British Raj would end. To make India a nation, as Italy was made a nation in the nineteenth century, is the governing aim of these politicians. The Library of the Servants of India at Poona is stacked with the literature of European nationalism.

Able and sensible Indian statesmen, who see things as they are, know that the pace cannot be hurried, and acknowledge the advantage of the Anglo-Indian connection; but they, too, in the bottom of their hearts feel the call of race and colour, and look forward to a distant day

when India will have fairly and squarely worked out her independence. An Englishman, though he may not share, will appreciate these feelings.

This separatist aspiration, overtly expressed by some, latently present in others, is the great stumbling-block to the smooth working of all those intermediate forms of constitution which seek to combine English control with Indian responsibility. The British Cabinet had hoped that by transferring the social services to Indian ministers, and by setting up at Delhi a legislature in which the official block was in a minority, they would divert some part of the incessant torrent of criticism, which the vernacular Press directs against the British agency, to Indian ministers and Indian legislatures. This hope has been frustrated. In the Provinces it has always been possible to urge that the beneficent activities of the Indian ministers are cribbed, cabined, and confined by the malign influence of the Governor's Council, and to charge to the British account faults more properly attributable to the Indian wing of the administration. Similarly at Delhi, the Indian legislatures felt themselves safe in rejecting necessary but unpopular legislation, such as the increase of the salt tax required to balance the budget, in the knowledge that the Viceroy would make use of his powers of certification to carry the legislation over their heads.

Whether Parliament will be able to devise a plan of government which, while preserving all the necessary guarantees for the British connection and for the maintenance of law and order, so defines Indian responsibilities as to bring home to Indian statesmen and Indian legislatures the consequences of their actions, remains to be seen. If it succeeds, it will have solved the greater part of the problem; for the present system under which the British Government is blamed for everything which happens, neither schools the statesmen of India in the lessons of political responsibility, nor educates the Indian electorate in the alphabet of political justice. We speak of Parliament devising a plan because technically the last word rests with the Parliament at Westminster; but we do not ignore the fact that the future constitution of India must result from the collaboration of Indian and

British minds. A valuable and judicious volume on Indian Constitutional Problems from the pen of Sir Sivaswamy Aiyer shows how important are the contributions which may be expected from Indian statesmen who have a first-hand acquaintance with the work of government in their own country.

No one will underrate the technical difficulty of the task confronting the Simon Commission and their Indian coadjutors. Is the future constitution of India to be unitary or federal? If federal, is the Federation to be of the Australian or Canadian type? What powers are to be reserved to the Central Government, what delegated to the Provinces? If dyarchy is to be abolished in the Provinces, under what restrictions and guarantees will the "security" services be transferred? What is to be done about the land-revenue, the chief pillar of Indian finance? How are the interests of minorities to be safeguarded—by the reservation of seats or by communal electorates? What should be the duration of an Indian Parliament? Upon whose shoulders is the responsibility for Civil Service patronage to rest? In particular, how is the British element in the public services to be recruited and safeguarded? These and many other questions will come up for consideration and settlement. It is also clear that the Princes must be brought into a closer organic connection with the system of government in British India. The present position was tolerable enough in a free-trade India. Then the revenues levied in British India had no repercussion upon the standard of life in the Native States; but now the Parliament at Delhi is free to make a tariff for the whole country, and the Native States, who equally with the inhabitants of British India are affected, have no voice in the matter. As political education proceeds in the Native States, this situation will become increasingly intolerable, unless it be corrected.

One of the lessons of the last decade is that education in India, as everywhere else, proceeds at a slow pace. The Presidency of Madras has been the only province in India where the new Constitution, largely owing to the fusion of the two sections of the governing Council, has worked without jolts and jars. It is also, from an educational point of view, the most advanced province of

India. Yet the experiment of transferring education to Indian Ministers in Madras has not been an unqualified success. Fifteen thousand elementary schools have been set up, financed and closed within three years, and the money thus profusely expended might just as well have been thrown into the sea.

The "auxiliary Commission on the progress of education," which has been looking into these things, will no doubt be able to assist the main Commission in its constitutional task by supplying some estimate of the probable rate of educational progress. It seems clear that a system of universal compulsory education would not be tolerated, even if it could be worked. Failing compulsion, elementary education in India will develop at a leisurely pace and probably with less reliance on local authorities than has been placed upon them in recent years. The social reasons, indicated by Miss Mayo, which make it impossible for unmarried women to teach in the country schools, are a formidable obstacle to a rapid advance.

In estimating the capacity of Indians to work the machinery of Parliamentary Government, it must not be forgotten that in our own country effective Parliamentary Government depends on the two-party system, and that the two-party system has been the product of long evolution. The growth of Parliamentary parties in India is in its infancy, and so long as one Government, that of the foreigner, is always in power, can never proceed upon natural lines. The establishment of real Parliamentary Governments in the provinces, circumscribed though their powers might be by the terms of some kind of a federal constitution, would create the conditions within which the play of parties, as we know it in England, might develop. Of debating talent there is more than a sufficiency in the Indian legislatures. What is principally lacking is political courage and that sense of measure which can only come from prolonged experience of affairs.

It is useless, however, to say, as some inconsiderate writers are in the habit of doing, that the politically-minded Indian is incapable of taking an honest and effective part in the management of his country's affairs. The native States are administered by Indians, and on

the whole they are administered well. The greater part of the judicial and administrative work in British India has for a long time past been in Indian hands, and though, having regard to the vast population of the country, the number of able, honest, and well-instructed politicians is comparatively small, it is sufficiently large to be valuable, if employed in the task of government, and dangerous if neglected. The problem before the British Parliament is how best to give to the patriotic and capable Indian a career of honourable activity in the public affairs of his own country.

The elimination, by swift and sure degrees, of the English element from the public services has been for a long time past pressed upon the Government by Indian reformers. Moslem and Hindu combined to urge simultaneous examinations in India and England before the Islington Commission. The process of the Indianization of the services has proceeded apace since the war, and much indignation was expressed in India when Mr. Lloyd George spoke of the Indian Civil Service as the "steel frame." Steel denotes hardness and durability; a frame, the fundamental and sustaining part of any structure. The steel frame theory was wounding to Indian sensibilities and hopes. Yet it is difficult to see how Parliamentary institutions (assuming them to be inevitable) are to work in India without this frame, whether it be of steel or of some less obdurate metal. The Montagu-Chelmsford report made a strong and efficient Civil Service more important than ever, and if there is to be a further extension of Parliamentary powers, the bureaucracy will become more important still. In Europe we all know that the value of the official increases in direct ratio to the inexperience of the Minister.

The Briton is no saint. There are many more saints in India than in Britain. But the Briton, serving in India, is delivered from many temptations to which the Indian is necessarily exposed, and, with certain disabilities, has some important advantages which the Indian does not possess. Since he has no relations in the country, it is easier for him to dispense patronage with a single eye to the public good. Since he cannot make a private fortune, it is rarely, if ever, that he strays from the path

of strict financial honour. As between Hindu and Moslem, caste and outcaste, Brahmin and non-Brahmin, he is indifferent and therefore impartial.

He has also another advantage to counterbalance the greater local knowledge and more delicate perception of his Indian fellow-workers. India is a continent rather than a country. The Bengali is unhappy in Madras, the Madrassi in Bengal. An Indian official in the Imperial Service transferred from his native province to serve in a distant part of India is a good deal less at home than the Englishman. The language may be unknown to him; the habits of the people unfamiliar. Whereas the Englishman can fall back upon the English club and the English games, the Indian official may find himself in a position of melancholy isolation. In point of general all-India availability, the Englishman has advantages which have not been lessened by the unhappy revival of communal differences in recent years.

At the close of the great State paper which formed the basis of the Government of India Act of 1919, the authors sketch their conception of India's future in the following terms :—

" Our conception of the eventual future of India is a sisterhood of States, self-governing in all matters of local or provincial interest, in some cases corresponding to existing provinces, in others perhaps modified in area according to the character and economic interests of the people. Over this congress of States would preside a central government, increasingly representative of and responsible to the people of all of them; dealing with matters, both internal and external, of common interest to the whole of India; acting as an arbiter in inter-State relations, and representing the interests of all India on equal terms with the self-governing units of the British Empire. In this picture there is a place also for the Native States. It is possible that they too will wish to be associated for certain purposes with the organization of British India, in such a way as to dedicate their peculiar qualities to the common service without loss of individuality."

This is a description of desirable tendencies, not the outline of a constitution which can be drafted at any

given time. India has been given reason to expect that she will advance along the road along which Canada, Australia and South Africa have already preceded her. That is the ambition of her political leaders. At the League of Nations, India counts as a Dominion. As on behalf of a Dominion the representatives of India signed the Treaty of Versailles and take their seats in the Imperial Conference when it meets in Downing Street. It is natural then that a cry should go up in India for complete Dominion status and for *Swaraj* within the Empire. The high pitch of expectation increases the difficulties of our British Parliament.

On any reading of the situation, India is in an utterly different position from the self-governing White Dominions of the Crown. They are largely homogeneous in race, language, and civilization. India is, to a quite unusual extent, heterogeneous in all these respects. They are organic: India is inorganic. Their social structure is democratic; the social structure of India is stratified by the innumerable distinctions of caste. Their population comes of a stock long used to Parliamentary Government; with India Parliamentary Government is a recent, an alien importation. In the British Dominions the whole population is literate. In India perhaps ninety per cent. of the population is illiterate. India cannot dispense with the protection of a British army on its frontiers. The Dominions can fend for themselves.

The word Dominion is not a term of art. The Union Government of South Africa is very different from the Federal Government of Australia. The Irish Free State is a Dominion on the Canadian model, but its relations to Great Britain are not precisely those of Canada. If India is to be claimed as a Dominion, it must needs be a Dominion of yet another type. There must be limits drawn to the powers of the Indian Legislature. Sensible Indian politicians, and we must not be disposed to underrate the good sense and good feeling which are to be found in educated India, concede that there are some things which cannot be put to the mercy of a snatch vote in a Legislature at Delhi, representing less than a sixtieth part of the population of the Indian Empire—Defence,

Foreign Policy, the Civil Services, the Treaty relations with the Native States. That Indians should have full freedom to co-operate with the general purposes of the British Commonwealth of Nations—among which the welfare and elevation of the peoples of India without respect to caste or creed takes a pre-eminent place—is one thing. That a small minority of Indians should be so placed as to be able, should they so choose, to frustrate these objects is another. The conduct of British policy in India offers at many points, we do not doubt, a legitimate target to Indian criticism. It is well that that criticism should be expressed. But we must always remember that in an atmosphere suddenly liable to be influenced by political and religious passion, the kind of criticism which conduces to improvement may easily give way to wrecking tactics. In such emergencies the captain of the vessel must be empowered by some means or other to save the ship.

It is much to be hoped that Lord Irwin, whose elevation of character and conspicuous ability have made a deep impression on the Indian mind, should be allowed to remain in India during the very difficult period which remains ahead of us. At this juncture a change of Viceroy would be most unfortunate. The reception of the Report of the Simon Commission, however favourable to Indian aspirations, is bound to create a stir in the extremist camp. The debates which will ensue in the British House of Commons are not likely to exercise a sedative effect; and unless all that is sound and stable in Indian opinion be wisely influenced and directed, it is to be feared that the new Constitutional Charter, however generous, will be received as badly as the Simon Commission itself. There is nobody better fitted than the present Viceroy to steer India through this difficult period. He has the confidence and respect of the agricultural classes. The politicians know him to be honest, fair-minded, moderate, and yet, when occasion demands, not afraid to take strong and decided action. At the moment there is no Englishman from whom that section of Indian political opinion which is not hopelessly committed to violent courses is more likely to accept counsel and advice.

The Dardanelles Landings

By Henry W. Nevinson

No wonder the Dardanelles Campaign of 1915* has attracted many historians. It was isolated and brief. It displayed all the attributes of a great tragic drama, with beginning, middle, and end. The scene itself suggested noble history and romance. The combatants on both sides were actuated by the highest motives possible in war, and strove for victory with incredible disregard of life and personal advantage. Plentiful occasion was given and taken for the exercise of endurance, resource, and self-sacrifice. The immortal gods of chance and fortune favoured one combatant, and were persistently ranged against the other. But the defeated side won the favour of mankind, and no element of the highest tragedy is wanting.

Of the histories already published, of course Sir Ian Hamilton's "Gallipoli Diary" comes first in importance; and for Anzac we have the first two volumes of C. E. W. Bean's "Official History of Australia in the War," describing the events upon those familiar cliffs almost minute by minute and yard by yard. So far as I have discovered, General Aspinall-Oglander makes no direct mention of either of these two authorities, nor does he refer directly to subordinate works, such as "The Dardanelles" by General Callwell, "A Gallipoli Diary" by Major Gillam, "The Royal Naval Division" by Mr. Douglas Jerrold, "Australia in Arms" by Mr. Phillip Schuler, "The Campaign in Gallipoli" by Hans Kannengiesser Pasha, "The Uncensored Dardanelles" by Mr. E. Ashmead-Bartlett, "Gallipoli" by Mr. J. Masefield, and "The Dardanelles Campaign" by myself. As all these writers, except General Callwell (who worked from War Office material) were present during the whole or part of the campaign, references to their authority might have been useful. Many references are, however, given to "Fünf Jahre Türkei" by Marshal Liman von Sanders, Commander-in-Chief of the 1st Turkish army, and other acknowledgments may perhaps be reserved for the second volume of the present work.

* Military Operations: Gallipoli; compiled by Brig.-General C. F. Aspinall-Oglander. Vol. I. Heinemann. 15s.

For the present volume covers only the beginning of the campaign, and ends with the second battle of Krithia towards the middle of May 1915. Nearly half the book is occupied with the "Initiation"—the first suggestion, the prolonged hesitation in the Ministry and the War Office, the unwillingness of Kitchener, the opposition of Fisher, the insistent eagerness of Mr. Winston Churchill—all revealed already in the Reports of the Dardanelles Commission. Then follows the rapid and insufficient preparation; the hurried dispatch of Sir Ian without even a Staff to call his own; the fatal error of the naval bombardment that gave the Turks full warning; the chaotic packing of the transports, which delayed the landings for full three weeks, giving the Turks just the interval they required to make use of the warning. So we are brought up to April 25—the day of the "landings" themselves. The actual fighting described, therefore, is all included within a fortnight. The Naval side has been already treated in two previous volumes, but it is impossible to keep it entirely separate.

Within that brief space points of unending controversy arise. But before considering one or two of them, let me dwell upon a personal question. General Aspinall-Oglander (then Col. Aspinall, late of the Munster Fusiliers) was on Sir Ian's General Staff during the campaign. It was he, in fact, who, on the fatal August 8, sent Sir Ian the telegram from Suvla "drawing attention to the inaction of our own troops, and to the fact that golden opportunities were being missed." It may be assumed, therefore, that he knew his Commander-in-Chief fairly well. His account of Sir Ian is, in my opinion, invariably just—that is to say, invariably favourable; and he gives him full credit for his rapid insight into the unforeseen difficulties of his situation in attacking a peninsula unmapped, and held by unknown forces of the enemy. But I think he insists too strongly upon Sir Ian's subordination to Kitchener. It is quite true that Kitchener was a formidable person; "his position was pre-eminent, his power almost supreme." Mr. Winston Churchill's evidence before the Dardanelles Commission proves how overwhelming that remarkable personality was. But being his Chief of Staff towards the end of the South African War, Sir Ian had been on very intimate terms with him, as I had learnt in Pretoria. Probably

Sir Ian stood less in awe of Kitchener than anyone else, and at the beginning of the War he certainly made suggestions to him about the use of Territorials as whole divisions that no one else ventured upon. But when sent to command in the Dardanelles at three days' notice, he had rather rashly promised not to ask for more assistance, and by that promise he felt himself bound. On his way to Egypt after his first inspection of the peninsula, he did in fact ask for a Gurkha brigade which was actually ready in Egypt, and he received at least part of it. But he knew that at home the counsels of the Cabinet and the War Office were hopelessly divided between the advocates of the two fronts—the Westerners and the Easterners—and he was unwilling to add to the complications of their divergent strategy.

As to the criticism that he ought to have attacked on the Asiatic side, he was bound by Kitchener's express command not to become involved there. He was also bound by Kitchener's written instruction that, when once the project of forcing the Dardanelles was entered upon, there could be no idea of abandoning the enterprise. I certainly think that the ordinary prudent and cautious English general, after viewing the peninsula and perceiving the terrible risks of an attack by driblets from open boats upon those little beaches, would have recommended the abandonment of the whole undertaking. But Sir Ian was not the ordinary prudent and cautious English general, and perhaps it was just for his dashing, high-hearted, and "Celtic" qualities that Kitchener selected him to command.

One of the main criticisms of Sir Ian's landings was from the first the objection that he did not attempt to cut the peninsula in the neck at Bulair. That talented but hostile critic, Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, was possessed by this idea, and, to judge from his "Uncensored Dardanelles," is possessed by it still. Happily, General Aspinall-Oglander disposes of it, as I hope, finally. There were plenty of reasons why Sir Ian should refuse Bulair. That end of the Gulf of Xeros is too shallow for big ships; it is farther than Helles from the base at Mudros; and an army landing there would have its left flank fully exposed to attack from Thrace and Constantinople. But the most sufficient reason has always seemed to me that it was just there that the enemy

would expect attack, and one of Napoleon's maxims says : "Never do what you know the enemy expects you to do." In civil as well as in military affairs I have never found that maxim to fail, and it was at Bulair that Liman von Sanders massed two divisions in anticipation of attack. Naturally he expected the attack there. Any amateur, any child, could see the advantage of cutting that narrow isthmus, only some three miles across. The British had fortified it strongly in the Crimean War. Now the German Commander-in-Chief entrenched it, and fortified it with masses of barbed wire that could be seen gleaming all along its sea-front. Behind the entrenchments and wire he himself sat waiting, with his best divisions around him. Only Sir Ian's tactical genius saved us from a disaster far beyond all that his army was to suffer in the later campaign. As the author of this book says, " Fortunate indeed must it be considered that Sir Ian Hamilton had decided against a landing near Bulair. An attempt to land at the northern isthmus, where only one small beach was available, where an attack was confidently expected, and where two divisions were waiting to oppose it, must surely have ended in failure."

Failure is a mild word for what would then have happened. But let me take a more disputable point. When I was present at Anzac, I often heard how at the landing the tows had been accidentally carried by the current about a mile north of the landing place intended, and so had run into Anzac Cove instead of putting to shore at " Brighton Beach." I was always told that this accident was really a blessing in disguise, for the beach was strongly wired and fully exposed to the guns on Gaba Tepe, that snub-nosed promontory which continued to give Anzac so much trouble, and was never taken. General Aspinall-Oglander admits that Anzac Cove had the advantage of being comparatively hidden from observation. The greater part of it was in fact dead ground, being under the shelter of the precipitous cliffs. But still he says, "The unfortunate swing of the tows was to bear disastrous consequences." And, speaking as a layman, I am now inclined to agree. Such men as the Anzacs, in the first flush of battle, might perhaps have rushed the defences along " Brighton Beach " from " Hell Spit " to Gaba Tepe. Their units would have held together, and not been mixed up and confused as they were among the

cliffs and ravines confronting their actual landing-place. Each unit would have remained under its own officers, and all would have known the direction and the objective. It seems quite possible that men of that quality would have fought their way through to the fairly open plain leading to Maidos. At least so it appeared to myself when I examined the ground peacefully last autumn. But I know well how different everything looks in war.

The same is certainly true of another controversial subject—the retirement from Y Beach, the landing-place farthest north from Helles along the west side of the peninsula till you come to Anzac. It was the point rightly selected by Sir Ian as threatening the Turks from their right wing, or even from their rear. For it was almost on a level line with Krithia, and a smallish force advancing from that point would threaten the communications of the Turks defending W and V Beaches, compelling them to send back a defending body or even to withdraw. It was, indeed, the most vital and promising point of all the six landings. It is true that the climb up to the summit of the cliff is steep and rugged, and at a short distance over the summit one suddenly comes upon the profound "Gully Ravine" invisible from the sea and unnoticed on the maps of that date.

But perhaps because the position is obviously so difficult it was left undefended, and Colonel Matthews, of the Plymouth (Marine) Battalion, in command of the landing force, seems to have walked across the Gully Ravine to a point within a few hundred yards of Krithia unnoticed by the enemy. Probably he ought to have advanced his whole force at once, but without interference he began entrenching the top of the cliff (the remains of his shallow trenches were visible last autumn), and awaited further orders. He was unable to get communication with X Beach, the nearest point between him and Cape Helles, owing to a Turkish body at Y2, the entrance of the Gully Ravine from the sea. At last the Turks attacked his position in force, and he was compelled to withdraw his mixed and harassed men down the steep descent to the shore and the ships.

His party, holding this invaluable post, was under the direct command of the Divisional General, Hunter-Weston, who has been blamed for not sending reinforcements when the situation became perilous. Sir Ian

even went so far as to suggest sending a French brigade, but, being unwilling to interfere with a subordinate's command, he did not insist, and nothing was sent. Perhaps the signalling from shore to ships was defective. More likely General Hunter-Weston, himself a model of soldierly qualities, was too much occupied on the morning of the 26th in securing the V and W Beaches. At all events, the golden opportunity of Y Beach was lost, and the long and vain struggles for Krithia and Achi Baba were the result. Before the Dardanelles Commission Colonel Matthews honourably took the full responsibility on himself, but no one acquainted with the scenes and the turmoil of the landings can afford to throw blame on this man or that. Yet the author of this book seems to imply serious blame to General Hunter-Weston for neglecting Y Beach in its distress.

I doubt, too, if he is justified in charging the troops with inertia after the landings. The men were dead beat. They had come through a terrible ordeal, and were surrounded with the dead and wounded. To me the wonder rather is that within a few days they revived enough to face the first and second battles of Krithia, after advancing from the landings over unknown and terribly exposed ground in the face of a resolute and entrenched enemy, continually reinforced. But it is always the courage, endurance, and rapid revival of the men that amaze me in every war; and as a Staff Officer, Colonel Aspinall (as he then was) had every opportunity of judging how much it was possible to call upon even an exhausted army to perform.

How far an official military historian has a right to comment or criticize at all, is, I know, a disputed question. Ought he not simply to narrate the bare facts in rotation without attaching praise, blame, or any remarks of his own? I suppose Cæsar is the model military historian, and though his writings are called "Commentaries," it is seldom that he comments. But in the barest narrative it is always possible by adroit arrangement to hint at conclusions that may be more misleading than actual comment, and certainly every reader of this excellently written history will be glad of such criticism as the author allows himself; or has been allowed by the Imperial Defence Committee, the Army Council, or whoever else passed the work for publication.

At all events it is a valuable contribution to the history of that most dramatic episode in the War—an episode that became a tragedy for various reasons such as the writer gives: the extended distance from home and from the base in Egypt; the lack of a margin to supply gaps from the outset; the defeat of the Russians in Galicia, depriving us of the promised help from the Black Sea; the loss of battleships by the appearance of German submarines; and Kitchener's actual fear of an invasion of England. But ultimately the real cause of the failure was the divided opinion among the authorities at home—a division that for a time led them to attempt running the Eastern and Western fronts side by side, and then persuaded them to regard the Dardanelles as a remote and unpromising side-show for which almost anything was good enough. As I wrote soon after the evacuation :—

> Mr. Churchill, to whom the brilliant conception was chiefly due, seemed justified in the protest that if there were any operations in the history of the world which, having been begun, it was worth while to carry through with the utmost vigour and fury, it was those. Far from displaying vigour, let alone fury, the Government regarded the expedition rather as an over-burdened father regards an illegitimate child put out to nurse in a distant village. It was a "by-blow"—something apart from the normal and recognized order of things. A certain allowance had, unfortunately, to be apportioned for it, but if the person who superintended its welfare clamoured for more, that person must be kept in the proper place, or palmed off with gifts that were no gifts. Every breath of suspicion or detraction must be listened to, every chance of abandonment welcomed, and the news of a peaceful ending welcomed with a sigh of relief and a hypocritical tear.

General Aspinall-Oglander quotes a similar comparison to an illegitimate child, but he is not blind to the consolation that at the expense of a casualty list less than double that incurred on the first day of the Battles of the Somme in 1916, the Gallipoli force destroyed the flower of the Turkish Army, safeguarded the Suez Canal, and laid the foundation of Turkey's final defeat. The heroic enterprise was not all in vain.

I should add that the study of the volume is assisted by a series of excellent maps and illustrations, compiled by Major A. F. Becke, R.A. (retired), and a further book of maps is promised, not to speak of a second volume, which cannot fail to be of equal value, and to suggest controversies of equal interest, equally insoluble.

Tinned Soldier

By Major H. B. C. Pollard

MAN owes his supremacy over the rest of the animal kingdom to a trick of hurling projectiles. The higher his standard of evolution, the better the projectiles become; and if we look carefully into matters of military history, we very often find that the reputation for genius of a great commander rested less upon his strategy than some handy improvement in arms which gave him an advantage over the enemy. This very material point is usually hushed up by professional soldiers, for the professional warrior has always looked on enhancement of the dangers of his standard of war as abominably unsporting.

Something in the nature of a psychological cycle appears to dominate the military mind, and from time to time they take refuge in a revival of old ideas which they are convinced are the latest possible of novelties. Any layman who served during the war may be pardoned if he doubts that war is an art, but at least he will be convinced that the military mind can be dominated with fantastic ideas no stranger than the "movements" of art groups—and equally inexplicable. Today we are told that mechanization and armoured mobility represent the technical basis of future civilized warfare. We have simply gone back four or five hundred years and reinvented the knight in armour—without any critical examination of why that clanking medieval nuisance disappeared.

The duel between weapons and armour is an old one, for, despite metaphor, the shield was not necessarily the answer to the sword, but probably antedates it very considerably. It was probably used early for warding off the well-flung rock. The projectile weapon has three special attributes—range, rapidity of fire, and, lastly, penetration. An advance in any one of these factors may decide the fate of a campaign.

This was well illustrated in the days of the bow and arrow. The arrow is a projectile weapon, but it cannot be critically examined on its ballistic efficiency in the same way that we can judge firearm projectiles. It is essentially a piercing or cutting weapon, and it is better to consider it as a light knife on the end of a feathered stick which

serves to keep it true in flight than as anything in the nature of a musket ball.

In spite of all the traditional ballads about the accuracy of Robin Hood, military archery was, so far as can be gathered, more a matter of hitting relatively large targets with mass fire than any particular dependence on a high degree of individual marksmanship. The bow with the longer effective range and the greater rapidity of fire was the important military factor. The expedition of William of Normandy which landed at Hastings in 1066 owed its success very largely to the Norman archers, whose technique was experienced and whose bows and crossbows completely outranged the short and feeble Saxon bow used by Harold's men. Henry of Huntingdon records that William derided the Saxons for not using the bow as an infantry weapon, and states that all the infantry in the Norman force were archers who served as a screen for the three divisions of cavalry. The armour of the period—helmet, mail, hauberk and shield—was common to both sides, but the rank and file of the levies were unarmoured. Arrow fire was on the whole ineffective against the locked shields and helmets of the trained warriors, but it weakened the levies so that the mailed horsemen broke their ranks. The bull's-eye registered on Harold affected English history.

The rapid improvement of the bow soon disclosed the weakness of the original chain and banded mail armour, and for the next three hundred years one can trace the evolution of armour from mail to plate and its improvement as a protection against arrows. The traditional English longbow was a product of South Wales, which was then heavily forested country. The stout six-foot bow was elm, and had an effective battle range of three hundred yards and a very high penetration. Later, it was made of imported yew from Spain and the Baltic, but English yew was apparently never a satisfactory bow wood. The relative difference between the early Saxon bow and the longbow is rather difficult to estimate, but practical experiment with a number of savage bows of different weights of pull, but dimension and outline corresponding to the early Saxon bows, shows that an average distance of a hundred and fifty yards is seldom surpassed. A full-strength modern English bow will easily range two hundred and fifty yards,

and in the hands of a muscular expert three hundred yards can be taken as the limit of battle range. The velocity of an arrow is low. So far as can be determined it is about one hundred and fifty feet per second, but its penetration is entirely disproportionate to its relatively slow flight. It will penetrate an inch of soft deal and it will go clean through chain-mail armour.

It is a curious and rather inexplicable thing that no early English longbows or arrow-heads exist in our museums. The Royal United Services Institution has two bow staves from the wreck of the *Mary Rose*, an old longbow of uncertain date is to be seen in Scotland, but out of the tens of thousands of longbows and hundreds of thousands of broad-headed war arrows hardly a specimen exists in England today, though a few arrow-heads are in private hands. They were rough, practical stuff of no art value and they have vanished.

The arrival of the longbow and its long arrow (pulled to the archer's ear instead of his mouth) extended fire range by at least a hundred yards. Defensive armour, however, kept pace with archery developments, steel became better understood, and the manufacturer of plate armour studied not only the resistance of his wares to direct impact, but gave a good deal of attention to the design of plate arranged to deflect projectiles. Sometimes they made a suit which was proof, but more often it was penetrable in places.

The weight of armour increased; but there is a limit to what a cart-horse can carry, and the dismounted knight in armour was helpless if overweighted with plate.

By the time of Crécy we had a nation trained to effective war archery with the longbow. It was not a matter of accuracy, but of training and muscular development only gained by practice. Range and speed were what the captains needed. The Continent used the more accurate but very much slower crossbow or arbalest. The range was about the same, the penetration rather higher, but it was a slow weapon, for the steel bow spring had to be compressed by a windlass system of pulleys and ropes in order to gain the essential leverage. At Crécy the crossbows went out of action with wet cords—probably those of the windlasses rather than the bow string proper, and the longbows gained the day. The rain of arrows descended on the host and on their horses. Once

the horses were down, the knightly tanks were out of action. Projectiles had beaten armour.

The dawn of gunpowder was a transition era and its first application was purely as siege artillery, followed almost at once by its use as a horse frightener. The first portable shoulder guns appear about 1400. These early firearms lacked the range of the bow, but they introduced a new element. They had a far greater shocking power on the object hit, and they had a higher degree of penetration. The nature of the usual early projectile is obscure; some guns undoubtedly shot crossbow quarrels, but an early bombard in my possession is a conical tube made of three longitudinal strips of iron reinforced on the exterior with a series of hand-forged rings shrunk on to the composite barrel. It will fire a stone from the size of a pigeon's egg up to that of a small orange, and a calculation of its probable strength indicates that it would probably stand any spherical stone projectile one could drop into it, but is not thick enough to fire metal projectiles of good diameter.

So far as I know, nobody can say exactly what was the effect of discharging a good round pebble about the size of a goose egg direct at the cuirass of a charging knight. Such comment as has echoed down the ages from the knights suggests that it was effective. They stigmatized firearms as low stuff, but the brighter captains—not necessarily the best families—saw in the new weapon possibilities which the others either ignored or preferred not to see.

It took a century to make the hand-gun out of the early bombards, probably because metal was dear and that early trade unionist, the member of the armourers' guild, put up a good deal of propaganda against the simple device which spoilt his wealthy Bond Street clientèle in Gothic armour. Ammunition supply was certainly a problem in the early days, for we learn from Robert of Mildenhalle, Keeper of the Wardrobe to Edward III, that the artillery took with them to Calais, in September 1346, "73 large leaden shot, 31 small shot, and 6 pieces of lead." The lead was used for lapping stones of suitable proportions, but we have no clear record of the composition of the first matchlock musket balls.

I am inclined to think that the lead ball was not the original form of projectile for hand-guns of cylindrical

bore and relatively small calibre. Quarrels of wood tipped with steel similar to those used in the arbalest were certainly used; the nature of the first spherical ball is uncertain. Iron would be too light, lead too soft. Bronze or copper, such as the balls formed naturally on the edge of the plate when sheet brass is rolled between iron rolls, would have adequate weight and adequate penetration to go through armour.

If we look into the records of the time, we find that by 1500 the armoured knight was fully aware of the disadvantages of the "hand gonne." What is less generally known is that the objection to the gun was that its wound was usually fatal, where an arrow wound would heal.

Nothing is a greater testimony to the efficiency of modern surgery and medicine than the fact that, had it not been for the doctors, the war would have been over in a year. Septic wounds and pestilence would have closed the affair on the original trench line of the winter of 1914. As it was, medical science kept it going, and so far as the more civilized combatants are concerned, it can honestly be said that there never was a healthier war. These things were not understood in the sixteenth century, and the arquebus ball which burst through a cuirass carried a lot of dirty quilted wadding, leather, and mixed infections into the wound. The preferable arrow made a cleaner, humaner cut with a good chance of healing, but the arquebus ball not only penetrated armour, but chucked in germs as well. In this case not only did the projectile beat armour, but it made armour dangerous to the man who wore it, and the unarmoured soldier showed a greater tendency to survive bullet wounds. The reasons were probably not appreciated, but there is little doubt that the facts were, and the decline of personal armour is solely and entirely due to the fact that it dawned on the warrior mind that neither money invested in the best of up-to-date armourers' suitings nor a paragraph in the Herald's Visitations of the period were the least defence against a bullet. The privilege of plate had perished.

Practically speaking, firearms had won the day and armour had vanished by 1550. The deciding factor was when some genius—probably a Nuremberg clockmaker—fitted a self-igniting apparatus to the arquebus. Prior to this, one lit a touch-match and plunged it into the

touch-hole to fire the piece. The application of a spring mechanism to drive first a steel and pyrites, and later flint and steel, won complete victory for the projectile—and, incidentally, gave an enormous impetus to commerce.

Trade in the early days was difficult; the difference between a local knight and a bandit hard to define. When the effective bullet-firing matchlock gun or wheel-lock pistol came into use a tradesman could, for the expenditure of about ten pounds of our present money, equip himself with a practical novelty which would knock out the equivalent three hundred pounds' worth of best plate armour and Rhine wine-fattened, predatory nobility. The wheel-lock was a very powerful sociological factor. It had also an important political effect.

The feudal chieftain, with his superior tenantry in armour, represented in effect so many tanks in the field. The arrival of the timely invention of firearms enabled the kings to offset and vanquish these factions by equipping soldiery with projectile weapons capable of penetrating both armour plate and preconceived prejudice.

By the time of Charles II body armour, except for ceremonial occasion, has vanished. Wars go on, usually for sound commercial reasons, occasionally because of a personal issue. The latter cause is now, I hope, obsolete, but before the League of Nations succeeds in making war improbable the abolition of all forms of international trade and commerce appear to be essential.

The next round was one with the American colonies, and again represents an improvement in projectiles, but not against armour. The colonist was poor; he had to carry his powder and ball with him, and he could not afford to waste money on inaccuracy. He therefore adopted or evolved a rifled weapon of small calibre which was capable of accurate shooting at ranges up to three hundred yards. The European military flintlock was smooth bore and large in the calibre and inaccurate at anything over sixty yards. The Americans sat at their ease out of range and shot down our troops as easily as one can pick off bottles at a fair. It is improbable that the modern American will ever repeat this, for it was the first triumph of precision; but it still took three-quarters of a century more to get the rifle developed as a military weapon in Europe because it was slower to load than a smooth bore.

Napoleon did not neglect small arms, and the French small arm equipment of his time was considerably in advance of that of the rest of Europe, with the exception of Great Britain. The effect of this superior equipment in the campaigns in Italy, Austria, and Germany has been overlooked by military historians, but it was an important factor. French guns were good.

In 1807, Alexander Forsyth, a Scotch clergyman, applied detonating powder in place of flint and steel to firearms. His principle endures still in every shot we fire, and not a cartridge, shell, torpedo, bomb, round of artillery, mine or hand grenade used in the Great War but went off by an application of fulminate as first introduced by Forsyth. A great man—you agree?

Inventors incorporated the fulminate with the charge and gave us the self-contained cartridge. This alone made breechloading firearms possible, and from breechloading has arisen the repeating and magazine rifle and the machine gun or automatic rifle, and all the noisy artillery.

The newer arms give an advantage in range, in precision, and, above all, in rapidity of fire. The first military use of the breechloader was by the Prussians, who cleaned up the Austrians with their newly-devised needle gun, or "zundnadel gewehr." The machine gun dawns with the mitrailleuse of 1870, but the French assumed that because it looked like a cannon it should be used with artillery instead of in support of infantry. This helped a good deal toward their defeat. The magazine rifle made a bloodless entry. France, animated by ideas of *revanche*, adopted the Lebel, a bad weapon. Germany evolved the first Mauser, and the rest of Europe had perforce to rearm with magazine weapons in order to have the same speed of fire as possible enemies. Everybody was frightened of using them.

In the history of firearms in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries we find that so far as military arms are concerned speed of fire was the determining factor which decided an army to adopt a weapon. The other factors, such as range, flatness of trajectory, and effect, are matters which concern the cartridge. Speed and simplicity of construction alone influenced the War Departments of Europe. Today we consider manufacture and the weight the infantryman has to carry.

The Boer War repeated some of the lessons of the

American War. A nation of marksmen accustomed to long-range work in the clear African atmosphere made good practice at the regulation British Army. The lesson was learnt and the British Lee-Enfield rifle was standardized for all branches of the service, and the carbine, a relic of the sixteen hundreds, was withdrawn. Musketry in the sense of accurate individual and quick shooting superseded volley firing and general low standards of efficiency. We learnt to shoot.

The Great War found everyone very fairly matched so far as small arms went. Pointed bullets of flatter trajectory had been introduced by everyone. The Mauser had the best theoretical advantage in the shape of increased velocity, but the British Lee-Enfield held ten shots in place of five, and was far quicker to work and stood service conditions very much better.

Battle ranges were under six hundred yards and usually under two hundred. In the early days of moving warfare our musketry scored very heavily. As soon as trench warfare developed, the Germans, with a far higher ratio of machine guns to support infantry, established a fire superiority. The machine gun held up the war.

Later, we took to armour once more. And it must not be forgotten that the tank was developed solely as a device for ending the stalemate of trench warfare and barbed wire entanglements. It began as a weapon of specific use—and it has developed into a luxurious and thoroughly unsound growth of mechanization of the whole army.

In the whole history of projectile weapons of war armour has always lost against improved projectiles.

Today a very curious situation has developed. It has taken exactly a decade to reduce war as you and I know it to the level of a parlour game in the best Victorian Whitehall manner. In place of the vast array of man power which we know is real war we are reduced to a theoretical chess-board with an entirely undue proportion of petrol and politics, animated knights. In effect, the security of the nation appears to be pinned down to a totally unproven gambit of tanks and tanklets, Austin Seven scouts, and mechanical doings. We are playing with mechanical toys within a board composed of the financial vote.

We are, in effect, back on the old stand of a small, efficient regular army adequate for immediate defensive

or Imperial needs. The question whether this army could expand into a really efficient large-scale affair appears to have been totally overlooked. You cannot make tanks in a day.

The last war was the best example of the *levée en masse* since the fifteenth century. It rapidly became a national rather than a professional affair, and Europe put in its full man-power and its full metal-working production. The result of the *levée en masse* was not what was expected. It, so to speak, smothered the war under man-power and metal-power and fuel-power, but there was none of your decisive cut-and-dried Napoleonic victory and conquest about it. It is not clear why we should believe in a professional petrol army.

Three instead of two dimensions were involved, thanks to aeroplanes. Gas warfare was introduced, and we had a variety of novelties which served to attract attention but did not materially affect the fortunes of war, for being common to both sides, they cancelled out. The school who favour armour are in effect backing the machine against man. In the last stages of the late war machinery won against static masses, but it is doubtful if any war repeats itself, and the history of machinery is that it is always defeated by intelligent man. A well-equipped small army can probably knock out tanks and have time to raise its *levée en masse* to check the whole thing.

There are two basic reasons for mechanization. One is that you armour and protect your men against projectiles, the second is that you move them faster than you can on horse and foot. This second factor is entirely dependent on the first. If your transport is stopped, it is once again Shanks's mare for the troops. The anti-tank measures of the last stages of the war were very primitive. There were mines, point-blank fire with small howitzers or field guns, anti-tank rifles of Gargantuan proportions, half-inch bore and a variety of other devices.

Today is a very different story. Ten years have elapsed and propellants, bullets, rifles, and machine-guns have been very much improved. Great Britain is very considerably behind the times when compared with Continental nations, and our reorganization of industry into big commercial groupings has evolved the static trust rather than the progressive and competitive firms of an earlier period. Research is at a low ebb for lack of money.

If we double the muzzle velocity of a projectile of given weight we increase its penetration by four. In the past velocities of 2,700 feet per second represented military maxima. It is idle to think that development stops at the period of 1910–12, and very considerable advances have been made since then. The velocity of small arms projectiles depends on the powder, the bullet design, and the improvement in the metal of the rifles from which they are fired. The net result of these improvements brings modern experimental velocities up to the level of between five and six thousand feet per second for certain projectiles. *This represents a very fundamental step forward in small arms design and it very profoundly affects the whole basic theory of mechanical warfare.* The new small arms fire a very light bullet at a very high velocity and produce an entirely new effect on armour plate which will stop any of the regulation type armour-piercing bullets at test ranges. The impact of the bullet flakes out a roughly circular piece of plate the size of an egg. Why this is so is not yet solved, but there is reason to believe that once we pass a certain limiting factor in velocities we get a wave effect and that in popular, but not scientifically precise language the resolution of forces between the light projectile and the plate produces a local fracture at the zone of interference of certain waves.

Anyway this phenomenon exists, whatever the explanation, and if we speed up our bullets, armour is not penetrated but is smashed and flakes away.

The seven millimetre cartridge and rifle which does this is not much heavier than the usual Service weapon. On the other hand, no one has yet devised armour proof against it. Today these matters are purely in the early stages, and steels resistant to achieved high velocities in projectiles are possible. Yet, if we consider the question largely, we find that, though research on steel has been pursued uninterruptedly for the last ten years, very little important work has been published on nitro-cellulose powders or bullets.

We are about to experiment with an anti-tank arm which represents a slight improvement on the ideas of 1919 and which has passed certain satisfactory preliminary tests. On the other hand, all the most progressive military nations in Europe seem to be extraordinarily

slow in the mechanization of their troops. In other words, they have a perfectly good reason for not adopting tanks. They have improved their small arms.

In the present state of economics, small armies and big potential reserves are the rule. The purely scientific arms, whether they be aeroplanes or tanks, are out of date as soon as they are perfected. Progress is too rapid for equipment to remain static, and the army of manœuvre —our ideal at the present—requires enormous manufacturing backing and munitions supply. No arm has ever been introduced where the question of supply was not brought forward by its opponents. Every Power has its scheme for mass manufacture of essential arms in time of emergency, but the Power which makes the latest advance in high-velocity small arm projectiles has an effective answer to any form of mechanization moving under armour. The layman with little training can split the tank, and training in musketry and marksmanship is still the best and cheapest line of national defence.

The argument of the mechanist is sound so far as it concerns ten years ago. The cost of national rearmament is prohibitive, and it is possible to keep a small army equipped on the latest of up-to-date lines. It is unfortunate for us that the last stages of the war again revived armour. It was impregnable then—but ten years have passed, and once again the projectile is about to assert its dominance of the field of battle. There is a new step in the evolution of small arms and machine-guns, and the tank in all its varieties is obsolete as a protection. It may still have value as quick transport, but this factor cannot be divorced from the question of general vulnerability apart from the mechanical breakdowns which marked the manœuvres in Sussex last year.

No one can underestimate the value of mobility in the early stages of warfare; but it is clear that if a weapon is introduced which lays the tank and the armoured vehicle at the mercy of the unarmoured soldier, our twentieth-century mechanization has had its day.

In our time we accomplish in ten years what it took our less well-equipped ancestors a century or so to achieve. Armour and petrol mobility may have been the last word at the end of the last war, but goodness knows why anyone except the soldiers thinks that everything has been marking time since then.

Notes from Paris

By George Adam

The Season: Wealth and Music.—Paris, unperturbed by anything more exciting than municipal elections, and with no crisis on its immediate horizon, save the extremely familiar trouble with reparations and war debts, is already in the midst of a brilliant season. In many ways it is true that the old glitter in which taste to a certain extent tempered even the extravagance of riches has given way to a vulgar and prodigal display of wealth for wealth's sake. We have already had the hotel which advertised 400 bedrooms and 401 bathrooms, and no doubt we will shortly have the bedroom with two bathrooms. But, in spite of all our rainbow-coloured trains and a general Rolls-Royce atmosphere, there are still some signs of sanity to be found in the capital of the Penguins. The Salon is just about as dull as usual and shows much the same mixture as in the past of uninspired traditionalism and empty revolt. The Opera remains respectable, if only by reason of its inertia, but even there they have been betrayed into giving a well-staged performance of *Les Troyéens*. Music lovers are being especially well catered for in the concert programmes, and the ambitious aims of the Paris Symphony Orchestra as set forth in its first season have been well realized in its achievements this spring. How quickly Paris has recovered from the provincialism engendered by the war is perhaps best shown by a glance at the programme of the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées, which this spring is giving a season in which Rossini is sandwiched in between the Russians, and two complete performances of the *Ring*, sung in German, with Franz von Hoesslin conducting.

Thus prosperity, like adversity, would seem to lead to strange propinquities, for in their lifetime Rossini and Wagner "could not abide" each other. Rossini was living on the Boulevards when an unsuccessful attempt was made to bring the two men into friendly relations. Wagner, gazing at the throng on the Boulevards, from the windows of what are now the offices of the Paris correspondent of *The Times*, annoyed Rossini by the bitterness of his remarks on the shallow musical frivolity of the Parisian, whose gods were then Rossini and Meyerbeer. The room is still decorated with Italian mural

paintings and moulded musical instruments which mark Rossini's residence there.

Biographical Methods.—The old austere school of biography, which tests every inch of the ground before venturing to make a statement, however slight and unimportant it may appear to be, which follows with dignity and, alas ! too frequently, with dullness, the slow progress of its heroes from the cradle to the grave, is hard put to it nowadays to fight against the ever-growing popularity of romantic biography which finds its highest expression in the works of men like Lytton Strachey, Maurois and Co. Even the academicians must feel inclined to lose heart when they see the great success of the many romantic and adventurous biographies which have been published in France during the last few years. The last of the series is by no means the least interesting, for it deals with the astonishing career of a man whose whole existence was so fantastic that there must be many people today who think of him only as a character of sensational fiction. Yet Vidocq was the greatest embodiment of the dangers and advantages of setting a thief to catch a thief.

His own memoirs suffer from such a wealth of bragging conceit that it is sometimes difficult to take them entirely seriously. Their authenticity is, moreover, not by any means firmly established. The series of catastrophes and exploits which made a ne'er-do-well, thieving baker's boy the hero of the criminal world of France before he founded the Paris *Sûreté*, which is now the guardian of our public safety, is, however, known. It would be well worth a criminologist's patience and time to delve into the official existing records of his many activities at the Prefecture of Police, for his was undoubtedly an existence romantic enough in itself to call for no embroidery.

Revolt and Authority.—Municipal elections in France have their bearing upon national polling, affecting as they do the character of Senatorial voting colleges, but they are even more useful as a test of political tendencies throughout the country. Those just held have shown that the old Cartel forces of Radicalism and Socialism have made no headway against the more Conservative parties which, temporarily at any rate, are united in supporting M. Poincaré. On the whole, there has been

but little change. If any parties can claim success, it is the central groups, who still retain the confidence of the country as a means of exerting authority and maintaining stability. A curious indication of the extent to which the French like to be governed with firmness was given by the general approval which greeted the success of the police in nipping in the bud any possibility of trouble on Labour Day. Quietly and efficiently over 3,000 people were locked up in Paris alone, not because they had done anything, but in case they might get up to mischief. This was done with a serene disregard for the rights of man or any other charter of French liberties, and the act of autocracy has barely raised a protesting murmur in the country. Events in Berlin were perhaps not without their effect in making the Parisian feel pleased with the benevolent paternity of his own police.

Mussolini and the Pope.—Roman Catholics and friends of Italy throughout the world will follow with interest the development of the debate that has begun between the Duce and the Pope and which has so quickly curtailed the Lateran honeymoon. In a more subtle form it is a revival of the old *Kulturkampf*, the constant question as to whether a State should be at the service of the Church or vice versa—shall Catholicism become Fascist or Fascism Catholic? Mussolini raised it in a speech on the Lateran agreements which was, to say the least of it, more flattering to his diplomacy than to that of His Holiness. In almost aggressive tones he warned the Church that Fascists did not in any way regard the agreements with the Vatican as giving it any extra say in the affairs of the State; Italy had no intention of becoming a specifically Catholic power. As the *Giornale d'Italia* says, the leitmotiv of Mussolini's speech is, "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's; and unto God the things that are God's." The Holy Father claims that education is primarily the concern of the Church and the family, and that Cæsar's work only begins when the labour of these two other forces has to be completed. In any case, the Duce is told quite bluntly that he may expect no help from the Church in banding Italian families into an organization of national conquest, for, if other countries followed this example, there would be a general conflagration.

Some Recent Experiments in Psychical Research*

By Arnold Lunn

PSYCHICAL phenomena are divided into two great classes, subjective and objective. Subjective phenomena are purely mental. A medium in a trance condition reveals knowledge of facts which, it is alleged, could not have been acquired normally, facts whose accuracy can subsequently be established by investigation.

Objective phenomena, on the other hand, are psychical phenomena explicable by ordinary mechanical laws, the movement of objects without contact, levitation, materialization, etc.

To the sceptic, of course, objective phenomena are far more interesting than subjective. Prove to me that psychic power can levitate a table six inches from the ground, and you have established a fact which has upset orthodox dynamics.

The true believer, on the other hand, regards psychical phenomena as rather vulgar, useful for converting sceptics, but of no interest to those of the true faith. The convinced spiritualist frequents mediums, not in order to see tables lifted into the air, but in order to get into touch with another world, and to receive from that world inspiration and spiritual help.

Mr. Drayton Thomas, a well-known spiritualist, in his recent book "Life beyond Death" concentrates on subjective phenomena. Much of the evidence which he submits is of a type familiar to all students of this subject, but it is not, of course, for that reason valueless, for the case for Spiritualism rests on the cumulative effect of an ever-increasing number of similar experiments.

* "Life Beyond Death with Evidence," by the Rev. Charles Drayton Thomas, with an Introduction by Viscountess Grey of Fallodon. Collins. 21s.

Any careful record of experiment is worth publishing even if the experiments described are not new. Mr. Thomas's book, however, has other claims to our attention, for it contains the record of at least one new type of test, which, if successful, has immense dramatic possibilities.

I do not suggest that Mr. Thomas has proved his case, or that the examples which he quotes of this new test—which consists in forecasting the contents of a daily paper—are conclusive, but he has, at least, established a *prima facie* case for investigation. Nothing is more unscientific than to dismiss the evidence of psychical research with contempt, merely because the phenomena would appear to be undignified or unromantic. Huxley's definition of the scientific ideal applies no less to psychical than to other branches of scientific research. "Science seems to me," wrote Huxley,

> to teach in the highest and strongest manner the great truth which is embodied in the Christian conception of entire surrender to the Will of God. Sit down before facts as a little child, be prepared to give up every preconceived notion, follow humbly wherever and to whatever abysses Nature shall lead, or you shall learn nothing. I have only begun to learn content and peace of mind since I have resolved at all risks to do this.

Admirably expressed; but Huxley's resolution "at all risks to do this" broke down when confronted by the phenomena of Spiritualism.

Huxley was invited by the Committee of the Dialectical Society to investigate an interesting case of the great psychical medium, Home. "I regret," he replied,

> that I am unable to accept the invitation of the Committee of the Dialectical Society . . . I take no interest in the subject. The only case of "Spiritualism" I have ever had the opportunity of examining into for myself was as gross an imposture as ever came under my notice. But supposing these phenomena to be genuine—they do not interest me. If anybody would endow me with the faculty of listening to the chatter of old women and curates in the nearest provincial town, I should decline the privilege, having better things to do. And if the folk in the spiritual world do not talk more wisely and sensibly than their friends report them to do, I put them in the same category. The only good that I can see in the demonstration of the "Truth of Spiritualism" is to furnish an additional argument against suicide. Better live a crossing-sweeper, than die and be made to talk twaddle by a "medium" hired at a guinea a séance.

Huxley failed to realize that the question at issue was not whether the life of a crossing-sweeper was richer and more varied than the life of a spirit, but whether the fact of spirit communications had been proved. The spiritualist might well have rejoined, "Sit down before facts as a little child, be prepared to give up every preconceived notion, follow humbly wherever and to whatever abysses Nature shall lead . . . even to the abyss of the spiritualistic heaven."

"The odd point," as William James so justly remarks,

is that so few of those who talk in this way realize that they and the spiritists are using the same major premise and differing only in the minor. The major premise is: "Any spirit-revelation must be romantic." The minor of the spiritist is: "This *is* romantic"; that of the Huxleyan is: "This is dingy twaddle"—whence their opposite conclusions!

The sittings described in Mr. Thomas's book were obtained through Mrs. Leonard, perhaps the best and most successful of modern subjective mediums. Mrs. Leonard's "control" is called "Feda," and it should be explained that the control takes the place of the medium in the other world. The spirits of the dead normally communicate through a control on their side, and through a medium on our side, the control and the medium acting like wireless operators who pass on messages between the living and the dead. Occasionally, the spirit speaks direct without employing a control.

Throughout this article I use the accepted terminology of Spiritualism, as it would be pedantic to substitute throughout "the alleged spirit" for "the spirit." I do not, however, accept the spiritualistic hypothesis.

I have had a sitting with Mrs. Leonard, and I can say that "Feda," who is supposed to be a little girl, struck me as rather a tiresome young person. I was not impressed by her deliberate lapses into the vocabulary of childhood. She had no difficulty with long words such as "hallucination," but every now and then she pretended to stumble over a very simple monosyllable. "Feda" has been engaged on this work for years, and it is time she picked up a working knowledge of the English language. There appears to be no institution for backward children in the other world.

But to return to Mr. Thomas's book. The dramatis personæ are Mr. Thomas himself, who is the sitter; Mr. Thomas's father, who is communicating from the Beyond; Mrs. Leonard, the medium; and "Feda," the control. Occasionally, Mr. Thomas's dead sister intervenes.

The simplest tests recorded consist in an attempt to transmit through the control and the medium messages from the departed containing information which could not possibly be known.

Few people would now be prepared to dismiss all such evidence as entirely due to fraud or hallucination. Most inquirers, however, even if they accept the fact of supernormal knowledge, refuse to draw the spiritualistic conclusion, and prefer to ascribe the results to telepathy, which is not—as the sceptic seems to assume—an explanation, but merely a long Greek word which serves the same function as our old friend "x" in algebra.

The medium, according to this theory, taps the memories, not of the dead, but of the living, and reads the minds of the sitters by an unknown process for which the word "telepathy" has been provisionally adopted.

To prove survival and to establish the identity of the spirit, it is essential to exclude all possibility of telepathy between the living from our tests. And it is to this problem that Mr. Thomas has addressed himself. A successful test, as he clearly realizes, must reveal knowledge of facts which did not exist in the consciousness either of the sitter or the medium or, indeed, any living person.

The book tests described in this work exclude the hypothesis of telepathy, but we shall presently see that they do not exclude another hypothesis equally dangerous to the spiritualistic explanation.

Of the many such tests described the following may be taken as a fair average example, less striking than some, and more impressive than others.

The spirit (Mr. Thomas's father) selected a reference to a book in a room which Mr. Thomas himself had never visited. This fact, of course, makes the test all the more convincing, as the success could not be ascribed to Mr. Thomas's unconscious memory of a book which he had at one time read in his own library.

The book referred to was in the house of an acquaintance living at some distance. "I wrote explaining matters," says Mr. Thomas,

and gave the description of the room, the particular shelf, the position occupied by the book upon that shelf, and the number of the page. The test message stated that on this page would be found a few words aptly describing *the purpose for which my father was working with me.* On receiving a reply I learnt that the page in question contained the words, *To give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death.* Few sentences could more effectively summarize the purport of my father's remarks at this period about his object in working with me. For he often emphasized the need of evidence, sufficient in quality and quantity, to ensure that his speaking with me and his account of experiences in the life beyond would be recognized as something more than fanciful imaginings. He believed that a conviction of the reality of such communications as his would, for many people, dissipate uncertainty about a future life; and that for others, an acquaintance with his after-death experiences might remove, or at least greatly lessen, the fear of death.

The importance which we shall attach to tests of this description will, of course, depend entirely on the ratio of hits to misses. Fortunately, statistics are available which seem to dispose of the theory that successes of this type are only accounted for by chance.

The Society for Psychical Research has investigated this problem of book tests and a full account is contained in the S.P.R. " Proceedings " for March 1923.

Sixty investigators undertook to search for fictitious book tests and to examine ten of their own books for three separate tests. As far as possible, these were held on exactly the same lines as the spiritualistic book tests, and similar topics were chosen.

They produced successful hits on 4·72 per cent. cases, whereas the tests carried out with Mrs. Leonard as a medium scored no less than 36 per cent. of successes.

It is possible to explain the book tests by the faculty of clairvoyance at a distance. The medium *may* be able to read the contents of a book in a library several miles away. No such theory, however, helps to explain the experiments with the daily Press, the description of which gives Mr. Thomas's book an assured place in the literature of psychical research, for these tests were invented, so he tell us, by the spirit of his father.

Independence of telepathy from the sitter's mind has been proved

by book tests; but might they not, one will ask, be somehow due to the medium's clairvoyance at a distance? My father apparently realized that this point required guarding, for he presently devised an ingenious extension of the book test idea, one which ruled out the medium's clairvoyance as completely as book tests had ruled out telepathy. This he did by means of what are now known as newspaper tests.

Mr. Thomas's sittings with Mrs. Leonard took place at an hour of the day long before the type of the London Press for the following day is normally set up. The spirit of Mr. Thomas's father visited the offices of the *Times* just before the sittings began. He made a note of various items of news, names of people, etc., which were to appear in the next issue of that paper, but which had not yet been set up in type.

By employing a faculty which seems to involve some slight degree of prevision, he then ascertained the approximate position which these items would occupy when the paper was set up and printed. This done, he was ready for my sitting, and soon after its commencement he transmitted, through Feda, the references which I was to verify the following morning by examination of the issue of some particular organ of the public Press.

The simplest form of newspaper test was the statement that such and such a name would be found in a minutely described position in the morrow's *Times*.

The importance of this test consists in the fact that it not only excludes telepathy but also clairvoyance at a distance, for the reference to the *Times* was given before the page in question which was to confirm the reference had been actually set up in type.

Of the many examples of newspaper tests in Mr. Thomas's book I select the following. It contains a slight mistake, column 2 for column 1, but is otherwise impressive.

November 11, 1921, at 3.25 p.m.

In the tests for this date there was but one inaccuracy, although seven were given. This mistake looks like a slip of memory on my father's part; for Feda said, column two, when actually the required words were found to be in column one. Feda's message was as follows:—

> "Column two, page one of the *Times*, a little way above half-way down see the name Dawson. He knew one Dawson very well; and close to that name is given a place which he connects with the Dawson whom he knew."

Just two inches above half-way down column *one* appears (in next day's *Times*) the "Rev. Canon Dawson," and on the line next

above it is, "St. Nicholas Church." In the years 1882–5 my father resided at Ramsgate and his colleague the Rev. R. G. Dawson lived in Margate. The latter had the oversight of our church at St. Nicholas, a village some few miles distant.

"It was," writes Mr. Thomas,

my invariable custom to post a copy of these tests to the Society for Psychical Research on the evening of the day on which they were given. They are there preserved for reference, and it can thus be certified that they were received by the Honorary Secretary on the morning of the day following each sitting.

This was a wise precaution, but Mr. Thomas's record of these tests would have been more impressive had he included in his book a statistical statement of his successes and failures prepared by the Secretary of the S.P.R., vouched for by him.

The newspaper tests, like the book tests, depend for their value on the ratio of successful to unsuccessful experiments, and unless this ratio can be proved to be far higher than the ratio obtainable by pure chance, they remain unconvincing.

Meanwhile, all we can say is that the evidence which Mr. Thomas supplies is interesting, but by no means conclusive.

For the sake of argument, however, let us assume that the book and newspaper tests have conclusively proved that supernormal knowledge is acquired in the course of a sitting, but that in the case of the former it can be explained by telepathy, and in the case of the latter cannot be explained either by telepathy or by clairvoyance at a distance. If we assume that telepathy and clairvoyance are excluded, must we deduce that communication with the dead is now an established fact? No, for we have no proof that the discarnate intelligences that represent themselves as the spirits of the dead are not clever impersonators of those spirits.

The Roman Catholics, for instance, believe that spiritualistic phenomena are produced by evil spirits. I ask the reader's indulgence for a quotation from an essay in which I expressed dissent from this view.*

Roman Catholics believe that psychical phenomena are the work of evil spirits. One man's saint is another man's devil; and as the spirits are clearly heretical, Rome has no option but to denounce

* "Things that Have Puzzled Me." Page 192. Benn. 10s. 6d.

them as Satanic. None the less, these spirit guides, if they be devils, are very mild devils. One and all, they insist with monotonous equanimity that honesty is the best policy, that virtue is rewarded, that crime is punished, and that God rules supreme. The Roman Catholic hypothesis is only plausible if we assume that Lucifer, who fell through pride, has been condemned to a worse fate than any imagined by Dante or Milton, for I can conceive of no grimmer punishment than to be condemned to act as Mr. Vale-Owen's amanuensis.

Mr. Thomas bases his rejection of the Roman Catholic theory on the pragmatist test. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

Multitudes confess that they have been turned thereby [by Spiritualism] from doubt to belief, from agnosticism to faith; in short, the religious instinct has been enriched and intensified and in no wise lessened. The fruit has been good. No one who is aware of the uplifting influence it may have proved in their lives will suggest that this is the work of deceiving spirits who desire to neutralize the influence of Jesus Christ, or to degrade man's thought and life. If evil powers were the source of these communications, they would be doing the work of God's ministering spirits and undermining the hold of evil on mankind.

This may be true, and yet it is difficult to resist the conclusion that our friends deteriorate very rapidly once they have reached the other world. The spirits seldom rise above the intellectual level of an intelligent child. They throw no new light on ethics or philosophy, and content themselves with repeating copybook maxims and simple applications therefrom. No new discovery in physics or mathematics, in art or in literature, can be proved to emanate from our spirit guides.

The spirits that communicate may not be evil spirits, but in so far as they suggest our dead friends, they resemble the mere husk of personality discarded by the dead, an after-glow rather than the flame of life itself. Even if we could prove that we had really established communication with the dead, we may merely prove to have succeeded in tapping their dreams, dreams which are still, perhaps, made up of earth-bound memories. This theory, indeed, would explain the vague, fitful, inconsequent nature of so many of these communications. If the dead remember their lives on earth, Spiritualism may well be the process of tapping their subconscious earth memories.

Spiritualists are anxious to persuade us that the

spirit world in every sense of the term is a real world. It has its hills and valleys, its trees and houses, and the spirits themselves wear clothes. Some little time ago, an eminent scientist suggested that the spirit body was an etheric body. The spirit world welcomed this suggestion from a great authority on the ether. "Feda," in spite of her girlishness, can chatter quite intelligently on the subject of the ether and etheric bodies. This fact throws new light on Spiritualism, for it seems that the earth-bound spirits are perhaps the most intelligent, and that "Feda" in the other world fulfils a useful rôle by communicating to the spirits the discoveries of earth-bound science. It is, at least, significant that no spirit discovered that he possessed an etheric body until scientists in this world began to explore the possibilities of the ether hypothesis.

The spirit world consists of dreamlike duplications of the real world. Spirits do not eat, and yet fruit trees grow in the spirit world. The spirits do not feel the cold and yet they wear clothes. They do not sleep, so we are assured, and yet they live in houses where they rest from toil. The spirits travel by an effort of the will and yet sometimes "add mechanical appliances to add variety." The spirits frequently take long walks because they enjoy walking,

> not because it is necessary. I can float at will, but from habit I enjoy feeling my feet upon the ground. It will naturally be asked what it is that I walk upon; is the ground real or do I only think it? There certainly is ground, and to me it is solid, as solid as is the earth's surface to you, and it resists the pressure of my feet.

Others may find this convincing, but I do not. If the other world is real, the realities of this life will not be duplicated merely for the sake of duplication. If there are apple trees, as we are assured, in the next world, there must be somebody to eat those apples. If clothes are worn, they must be worn by people who would otherwise feel the cold, not because "it is a habit of thought to think of oneself in clothes." If there be another world at all, it is either entirely different in every aspect from this world or it resembles this world not merely in a dream-like duplication of mountains, lakes, rivers, houses, and clothes, but also in the close alliance of form and function.

Meanwhile, the spirits, if they wish to carry conviction, must enrich the messages from the other world by some few touches at least which do not bear the obvious hall-mark of subconscious invention.

Yet, when we have made all possible allowances for the puerility of so many spiritualistic messages, when we have discounted the possibilities of fraud and hallucination, there still remains a bewildering residue of supernormal facts. I envy alike the spiritualists and their hard-headed (and perhaps pig-headed) opponents. They, at least, have achieved a satisfactory "gnosis," whereas I remain in a condition of puzzled and painful agnosticism.

I do not hope to succeed where a man like William James, who devoted twenty-five years of his life to this problem, was forced to admit ultimate failure. His provisional solution to the great mystery seems to me perhaps as plausible as any which have yet been put forward. "My own dramatic sense," he writes,

> tends instinctively to picture the situation as an interaction between slumbering faculties in the automatist's mind and a cosmic environment of *other consciousness* of some sort which is able to work upon them. If there were in the universe a lot of diffuse soul-stuff, unable of itself to get into consistent personal form, or to take permanent possession of an organism, yet always craving to do so, it might get its head into the air, parasitically, so to speak, by profiting by weak spots in the armour of human minds, and slipping in and stirring up there the sleeping tendency to personate. It would induce habits in the subconscious region of the mind it used thus, and would seek above all things to prolong its social opportunities by making itself agreeable and plausible. It would drag stray scraps of truth with it from the wider environment, but would betray its mental inferiority by knowing little how to weave them into any important or significant story.

William James himself was convinced that the milestones on our journey towards a final solution of this great mystery correspond not to years, but to centuries. Psychical Research is still in its infancy. Let us honour the pioneers, while keeping our final judgment in suspense.

Balzac's Letter-Box

By Francis Gribble

BALZAC'S reputation as a novelist was, from the first, that of "the man who understood women." The story of his life may indicate that he understood women in general better than he ever understood any woman in particular; but that is probably the case with all of us. What he did understand—a truth which no previous novelist had grasped—was that the woman of forty could be, and often was, both more interesting and more fascinating than the girl of twenty.

That was his great discovery. Women, naturally, were grateful to him for it. They worshipped him at a time when a good many men were still scoffing at him. They expressed their admiration by writing to him. He came to figure in their eyes as the one public character in France who could be trusted to supply sound Answers to Correspondents on sentimental subjects. He was receiving, he once told his sister, six or seven letters a day from strange ladies; and it has been stated that he received in all about twelve thousand such letters.

He cannot possibly have corresponded at length with all the women who thus tried to come into his life. He had not the time, for he worked eighteen hours a day; and even if he had had the time, the cumulative effect of the sentimental burden would have broken even his broad sentimental back. He did not even keep very many of the letters. Too much baggage of that kind would have impeded him in his periodical flights from his creditors. Some of them seem to have been destroyed for fear lest the writers should be compromised if they were found among his papers after his death; others disappeared because of the natural tendency of written rubbish to find its way to the wastepaper-basket, as water runs downhill. A few of them, however, were kept, whether by accident or by design; and a selection of those preserved was published, the other day, in a volume of the "Cahiers Balzaciens."

Occasionally, as is well known, a letter thus received resulted in a love affair. Both Madame Hanska, whom Balzac eventually married, and the Marquise de Castries, who treated him as Lady Clara Vere de Vere treated the country clown, made his acquaintance by writing him anonymous letters which provoked his curiosity. But

those cases were exceptional. Most of the letters were certainly left unanswered; and one examines those of them which have escaped the doom of the wastepaper-basket, not in the hope of discovering any mysterious romance, but merely for the sake of the light they throw upon the position which Balzac's novels had given him in the eyes and hearts of the sentimental women of his period.

It is a position which reminds one of Kinglake's reply to Olga Novikoff, when she asked him whether he thought that women ought to be admitted to holy orders: that it was only right and reasonable that women should be ordained to be the Egerias of men and that men should be ordained to be the pontiffs of women. For Balzac's life, when he was not writing his novels or evolving some get-rich-quick scheme, was mainly given to the quest for an Egeria; and these correspondents of his, whatever their ulterior motives, all hailed him, in the first instance, as the sentimental pontiff of their choice.

So much by way of preface. The correspondents may now be introduced, the procession being headed by Mme. Julie de Saint G——, of whom the world knows nothing except what the letters tell us.

Julie de Saint G—— wants a friend. She proposes a correspondence. She states the case on which she desires to be advised:

"I have a husband whom I do not love, and have never loved, from whom I am legally separated, but to whom I consider myself bound because the Church united us and I am religious."

Religion, however, is a relative term, and there are limits to its efficacy. Though religion had kept Julie de Saint G——virtuous, it had, it seems, been powerless to restrain the inclinations of a passionate temperament:

"I am in love," she continues, "with a poet; but he is twelve years younger than I am, and, after keeping a careful eye on him for six months, I have discovered that he, on his part, is in love with a younger person of great charm, though my vanity and my self-respect have sometimes led me to believe that there is no reason why he should not love me in spite of the fact that I am thirty-eight."

What had she better do about it? She dares not confide in her mother, to whom she confides most of her secrets, for she fears lest the painful disclosure which

she would have to make would break her mother's tender heart. But she really must confide in someone and ask someone's advice. May she not, she asks, pour her troubles into Balzac's ear? She has, she feels, some claim on him because she is both a woman of forty and a *femme incomprise*. Moreover, she has just seen his portrait in a picture gallery, and it has convinced her that he is kind-hearted as well as intelligent. So she will tell him the whole story if only he will listen. It will be an immeasurable relief to her to do so. She makes only one stipulation—that Balzac must not try to see her unless she asks him to.

Apparently he did not try to see her, having, at that moment of time, no need for a new Egeria, and either no leisure or no inclination to act as pontiff. So we leave Julie de Saint G—— and come to Irma—no married woman of forty this time, but a slip of a girl, aged twenty, who has been reading Balzac's "Physiologie du Mariage," which was not written for girls of twenty, and hiding it under her pillow in order that her mother might not see it.

It is hard to make out exactly what Irma wanted. Perhaps she only wanted to argue or to express herself; or perhaps it seemed to her that any letter written to a perfect stranger was an arrow shot into the air which she might find again in the heart of a friend. But her letter, if meant to be provocative, was also reproachful. She could have loved Balzac, she said, in spite of the suggestion in his book that no woman would ever be bold enough to do so after reading what he had written, but —let Irma speak for herself.

"It would be so beautifully and delightfully glorious to make you happy in spite of all your fears and representations, to compel you to cherish the ties of which you speak with pity and disdain, that it is by no means every woman who would recoil from this noble mission. There are even women who would risk unhappiness for the sake of sheltering themselves beneath the glory of your name; and I should have been one of them—if I had been one of the 400,000 women endowed with the advantages of birth, beauty, and fortune—one of those marvellous creatures who seem to live on air and sunshine only, and who are created only by your pen. I should then have come to you and said:

"'I offer myself to you as your companion. I am

yours at all times—yours for the sorrows as well as for the joys of life—and I live in hope that you will some day burn incense on the altar of marriage which you have profaned.'

"Yes, I would bring you to your knees by my loyal and devoted love; but I am, alas, one of the nine millions whom your aristocracy rejects with scorn as mere 'female parias'—one of the nine millions who sweep their own rooms, cook their own meals, and are, consequently, incapable of understanding love and unworthy of inspiring it."

One inference can be drawn safely: that there yawned between Balzac and Irma a social gulf as wide as that which separated the Lord of Burleigh from the village maiden. Did she, one wonders, entertain any serious hope that he would propose to throw a bridge across it? Probably not. The letter suggests a young person too intelligent to dream such dreams. Yet she does seem, alike by her reproaches and her flattery, to have been trying to hint that, if it did occur to him to seek her acquaintance, he would find her worthy of him, seeing that she understood him as well as he understood her sex.

He had damaged women's cause, she said, by the very skill with which he had pleaded it. His picture of the model husband would alarm the average man, who would be sure to consider celibacy preferable to the arduous attempt to conform to so lofty an ideal, not deeming women worthy of the devotion which he declared to be their due. For she actually knew one young husband who had exclaimed: "I would rather be sentenced to a long term of hard labour than take all the trouble which M. de Balzac exacts from us as a condition of retaining the love and fidelity of our wives." And that was a serious matter for women; for if men were frightened into remaining bachelors, an equal number of women would thereby be condemned to remain spinsters.

A home thrust which, it will be agreed, would have done credit to a professional critic. Its author not unnaturally thought that it called, if not for an answer, at least for an acknowledgment. She suggested, as a graceful form of acknowledgment, that one of the characters in Balzac's next novel should be given the Christian name of Irma. She added, presumably as an

intimation that an acknowledgment by letter would not displease her, that she had, for the last four years, kept a diary in which were recorded more intimate secrets of a romantic and imaginative maiden's heart than Balzac, for all his genius, seemed to be aware of.

But nothing came of that; and one can easily guess why. Balzac had himself crossed a social gulf in order to attain the social position which he proudly occupied, and was not to be tempted to recross it by the offer of a young woman of the working classes to show him her diary and enter his life as his "companion" with a view to matrimony. It was only aristocratic correspondents whom he honoured with a reply; so the Christian name of Irma was never given to any character in any of his novels.

"Thébaldi," who holds the third place on our list, had little to say except that she had known Balzac long ago in Touraine, that she had no intention of telling him who she was, but that she would be very grateful to him if he would write, for a change, of the good and pure woman who flourished on the banks of the Loire instead of the depraved women whom the life of the capital had corrupted.

The fourth correspondent is not pseudonymous, but anonymous; but she was evidently a woman who knew Balzac and was known to him. She addresses him as "Anna" at the time when he was living a mysterious life in disguise, calling himself Widow Durand, for the purpose of dodging his creditors and shirking his military duties as a national guard. She told him that it pained her to think that he did not love her in spite of the fact that her passion for him was much too violent for her virtue to resist; and she concluded:

"So you are back. I am coming to Paris, and shall stay there until Friday evening. Write me a line if you would like me to drop in. And tell me this—you who know everything: Does one ever get over a first love?"

One can make little of that. Presumably there had, at some time or other, been a beginning of amorous relations between Balzac and the writer; but there is no discoverable story which need detain us. Henriette Reymond, whose place is fifth on the list, desired, not love, but literary advice. She had written a novel. A candid friend had told her that it was a very bad novel, but she did not believe him. All that it needed, she felt sure, was to be touched up by the master-hand of a

man of genius. Would Balzac, in the capacity of man of genius, render that small service to the most fervent of his admirers? She preferred that request in incoherent letters which sprawled over several pages. One infers from what she says that she was a Swiss governess in a German family—not at all the sort of person likely to interest Balzac, who does not seem to have troubled to reply to her.

Our next letter is an anonymous confession from a poor and uneducated woman who cannot write grammatically or spell correctly—interesting only as evidence of the wide range of Balzac's influence over women and of their instinctive feeling that confession to him was good for their souls, even if they were of too humble a station to venture to hope for a response.

"I have suffered," she writes, "exactly what your Ginevra suffered. Like her, I have been cold and hungry. At the present moment I am living in a garret, and am out of work, and have no idea how I can escape from this terrible position. But, sir, a misfortune still more cruel has overtaken me. I have been deserted by the man for whose sake I have endured all this."

But she asked for nothing—neither for money, nor for an interview, nor for good advice; and she concluded:

"Your 'Vendetta' will always be a pleasant recollection, and will encourage me. Accept my thanks. Believe me, the unhappy are grateful for any good thing which comes their way. May God bless you and preserve you from ever feeling the trouble which you describe so poetically.

"It is, you see, only a poor woman who is writing to you. Her name can hardly interest you. You will permit me to refrain from telling you what it is."

Equally shaky in the matters of orthography and syntax is the letter received from Mme. Ade; but this is none the less a very interesting letter. Mme. Ade, far from asking advice, offers information concerning the hearts of women. "None of the women," she says, "whom I have read about in books have characters resembling mine." She wishes to prove to Balzac that "in spite of oneself one is not the mistress of one's sensations," and to that end she proceeds to tell him the story of her life.

She is the daughter of tradespeople, and was well

brought up. At twenty she married a man fifteen years her senior—a man of merit, though not handsome, whom she loved "as well as I was able to." His business took him abroad, and she accompanied him to Germany, to England, to Russia, and to Naples. Since 1837—her letter is dated 1839—she has been letting lodgings in Paris.

She has nothing to reproach herself with as a wife. She has conscientiously borne her husband thirteen children. She has been tempted, but she has successfully resisted temptation, though it has cost her an effort to do so. Now, however, at the age of forty-eight, she finds herself alone—her husband's business having required him to travel—and temptation has, so to say, broken out in a new place. One of the lodgers—a young man of twenty-five, very good-looking, and most distinguished in his manners—has been extremely attentive and very fond of dropping into her bureau for a chat.

"I do not know," she goes on, "what was in his mind, but, having searched my own mind, I felt afraid that I was falling in love with him. One day, after an interval of silence, he fixed me with a critical and scrutinizing gaze and said: 'I know what you are thinking about.' I made no answer at the time, but, the next morning, I said to him: 'Since, as you tell me, you know what I am thinking about, you will probably be more comfortable in other lodgings than you are here.'"

The lodger took the hint and went, and Mme. Ade was at once delighted and annoyed. But he had not gone for good. Before very long he came back to pay a call. After that he made a practice of dropping in to chat, or play cards or dominoes; and Mme. Ade felt that the resulting emotional situation could not fail to interest Balzac.

She delighted in kissing this young man of twenty-five. She delighted in pressing him to her heart. A visit from him, though it lasted only for five minutes, cheered her up for two or three days. If he failed to call when she was expecting him, she shed tears at the dinner-table. She had prayed to God, though religion was not much in her line, to make her forget him; but God had not seen fit to answer her prayer. And yet she could lay her hand on her heart and swear that she had never desired more intimate relations with him.

"I make this admission to you," she continues, "because of the novelty of the sentiment, in order that you may realize that it is possible for a woman to love without sexual passion."

Which is as it may be, though we may take leave to doubt whether Balzac accepted Mme. Ade's letter as conclusive evidence of the truth of the proposition.

He did not anyhow, as far as one knows, seek her help in investigating it, though she invited him to write to her, if he were interested, addressing his letter to the *poste restante*; and hers is, perhaps, the last of the letters in the collection which repays study or calls for comment.

One of the others is from a lunatic. It is impossible to make out its meaning, for it has none. A second is from a lady who desired to be given free tickets for the first night of Balzac's play, "Vautrin"; a third from a lady who wanted to go on the stage, and begged Balzac to procure her a theatrical engagement; a fourth from a lady living in the country who wished to publish a book, the proceeds of which she proposed to devote to charitable objects in her village, and entreated Balzac to allow her to dedicate it to him and also to persuade a publisher to accept it.

"If you grant my request, sir," she wrote, "you will provide bread for a poor carpenter, the father of four small children, who has just broken his bones by falling from the top of a ladder thirty feet high, and you will also provide bread for the widow of a miner who has lost his life in an accident. What more can I say to you, sir? If your heart desires the blessings of the poor, you will have them. They are beautiful things to have. No one who knows what happiness they bring can bear to be without them."

And there we may leave the subject. The letters have their value, not as records, but as testimonials, showing us, as nothing else could, how Balzac's writings impressed the women of his time—how some of them offered him their devotion, and others were prepared to stand *en queue*, awaiting their turns to tell him their secrets, long before his genius was fully recognized by the critics.

But nothing came of any of them. Balzac was too busy to answer them—too busy with his work, too busy with his debts, too busy with his get-rich-quick schemes and too busy, above all, with his passionate love for Madame Hanska.

Ten Years of New Czechoslovakia

By H. Charles Woods

AFTER Poland, Czechoslovakia, which is about the size of England and Wales, is certainly the most important country brought into being by the war. Situated in the very centre of Europe, and long and narrow in shape, it is made up almost exclusively of territory formerly belonging to Austria-Hungary, it is drained partly by rivers flowing into the North Sea and the Baltic and partly by the Danube, it uses some of these rivers as an effective means of communication with the coast, and it enjoys special commercial facilities in the ports of Hamburg and Stettin. With regard to the people, they are more or less divided in their interests, for, whilst the country is very highly industrialized, and owes its prosperity primarily to an export of manufactured goods, about half the inhabitants reside outside the large towns and depend directly or indirectly upon the produce of the land.

With a total population of about 14,000,000, somewhat under 9,000,000 are Czechoslovaks, of these approximately three-quarters being Czechs and the remainder Slovaks. These two sections, making one race, are Slavs, but they are the least Slav section of the entire group, and the Czechs may be described as the Prussians of the Slav world. Though there are modifications of dialect, both branches use the Latin characters and speak a language more akin to Polish than to the other Slav tongues, and, generally speaking, both are members of the Roman Catholic Church. But there are inter-family differences in themselves in a great measure responsible for many of the developments which have taken place or are in progress. Prior to the war the Czechs of Bohemia and Moravia had a considerable autonomy, they were subject to the relatively mild rule of Austria, and they were in contact with Germans and German efficiency and industry. Moreover, as the hierarchy of the Church used to represent the Austro-Hungarian Government in

these provinces, the Czechs are less clerical than many of their co-religionists, and about a million of them now belong to an independent Church, which uses the Czech language and is supposed to carry on the traditions of the Hussites. The Slovaks, on the other hand, were under the much more severe Hungary, they had no self-government, and their priests were generally nationalistic in their outlook. For these reasons, and because they are largely an agricultural people, they were, and are, more backward and more religious in their outlook. Of the remaining five million inhabitants, over three million are Germans, roughly three-quarters of a million are Magyars, and nearly two hundred thousand are Jews. The Germans are the most advanced and politically developed section of the community, the Magyars remain the least contented, and there is no acute Jewish Question. . The Ruthenes, belonging to the extreme easterly end of the Republic, number somewhat less than half a million. Little Russians, they use the Cyrillic characters for writing, they employ three distinct languages or dialects, and most of them belong to the Uniate or Greek Catholic Church. Extremely primitive, they were promised a special regime under the Treaty of Trianon, but they are practically ruled by a Governor, sent from Prague, and they are not fit at present to administer their own affairs.

The political situation has differed and differs considerably from that in many of Europe's new and enlarged countries, and the structure and machinery are relatively, if not absolutely, constitutional. There is no open or veiled dictatorship, the various Churches receive official subventions, and the two Chambers are elected by universal, compulsory, and secret voting, on the basis of proportional representation. But the real and all-important thing is that the State possesses two personages of outstanding calibre in President Masaryk and Dr. Benes. Each of these statesmen has his numerous enemies, Dr. Masaryk being disliked and opposed by the sections of the extreme Right, by some of the Clericals, and by those who contend that Czechoslovakia gained her independence from within, and not as a result of foreign work or influence during the war. Nevertheless,

the people, whose representatives elected their great leader to the presidency for what may be described as a third term in May 1927, are sufficiently sensible and broadminded to allow him and Dr. Benes a wide authority —an authority in my opinion used with forethought, wisdom and moderation.

Dr. Masaryk is now seventy-nine years of age. He spends most of his time at the Château of Lany, about twenty-five miles from Prague, but he comes to the capital for two or three days in each week; he remains active and full of vigour, and he appears much less tired and in better health than when I saw him soon after the Armistice. He is always fearless, broadminded and tactful, he still takes the closest interest in public affairs, and he believes in allowing his subordinates to make mistakes and thus to gain experience. But when stupidity becomes dangerous, he has an unmistakable way of putting his foot down and of enforcing his influence without infringing the written Constitution by which he is bound. Dr. Benes, still only forty-five, is frank and magnetic in manner, and he is one of Europe's best informed, most hard working and leading authorities upon foreign affairs. He occupies a unique position, and he owes it and his prolonged power almost exclusively to the President and to his international reputation. A National Socialist and, therefore, in political opposition to the Government of which he is a member, the Foreign Minister resigned his seat in the Chamber when the present Coalition was formed in the autumn of 1926, he plays no present active rôle in his party, and, as an expert, he is held by his supporters to be a relic of the non-party Governments, which ruled the country at one time. In contradistinction to what has occurred in countries where there have been ever recurring changes, Dr. Masaryk and Dr. Benes have been in unbroken control of their separate departments for over ten years. In a sense each forms the complement of the other, each in his own way being responsible for the consolidation, the progress, and the marked success already achieved by his country.

The foreign, home political, and the economic situations are very closely allied. At first Czech Nationalism

was the all-important factor in each of these fields, but more recently the realism of the President and Foreign Minister has prevailed. As few, if any, Czechs were permitted to serve in the Austro-Hungarian Diplomatic Service, the first necessity was the creation of a body of qualified officials for that purpose, and Dr. Benes has now organized and trained a corps consisting of some fifteen hundred members. With regard to policy, too, the Foreign Minister has been equally firm in his determination to avoid not only war, but rumours of war. At heart he strikes one as something between a Nationalist and a Pacifist, and, therefore, whereas Dr. Benes hates fighting on principle, he also recognizes that even a threat of war would tend to prevent a full capacity output, and that it would thus react against the development of trade upon which the prosperity of the country entirely depends. The Foreign Minister, who is a strong believer in the League of Nations, and in the regular interchange of ideas which takes place at Geneva, is thus a most ardent supporter of the present *status quo* —a position which gives to Czechoslovakia the greater part of the industrial, commercial, and economic wealth of the former Austro-Hungarian Empire.

Four main factors figure in the international situation as seen from Prague. At first friendship with France, guaranteed by Treaty, was of all preponderating importance; this friendship still forms the basis of Czechoslovakia's foreign policy, and that country has no diplomatic relations with Russia. More locally the Little Entente has undoubtedly played, and still plays, a prominent rôle in regard to developments in Hungary and its existence may at any time have an effect upon developments in Austria. Thus, even if Jugoslavia, and particularly Rumania, would be less interested, Dr. Benes makes no secret of his opposition to the *Anschluss*, and should Austria endeavour to join Germany without the consent of the League, he is determined to appeal to that body upon a subject possessed of fundamental importance to Czechoslovakia.

From early days the President and Foreign Minister recognized that sooner or later Germany would become a member of the League, that her influence in and upon

it would be considerable, and that a good understanding with their great north-westerly neighbour was, and is, essential. In spite of their attitude towards the *Anschluss*, therefore, they worked to bring about something more than merely correct intercourse between Prague and Berlin, and to secure the co-operation of the Germans of Czechoslovakia in the Government—a co-operation which became at least a partial reality in the autumn of 1926. Lastly, whereas, like the German question, this is partly an external and partly an internal matter, the relations between Czechoslovakia and the Vatican, which had been strained for some time, were settled in 1927. There is no concordat in the ordinary sense, but each of the parties has diplomatic representation and a definite *modus vivendi* has been arrived at. Consisting of a compromise, it gives the Government a right of veto in regard to certain High Church appointments, and it lays down that ecclesiastical diocese, affecting Czechoslovakia, must coincide with and not overlap the frontiers.

In home affairs the three main problems are bound up with the diversity of the population and the number of the parties, with the Slovak question and with the minorities. Even if we take it that the Czechoslovaks are one, there are four principal races, there are the interests of the towns and of the country, and there are political and religious divisions and subdivisions. The result is that no particular group is able to secure a Parliamentary majority and that, of necessity, the President and the Government have to maintain a balance between the artisan and the agricultural classes and between Socialism and Conservatism. Whilst it is impossible to enter into details here, for some years these difficulties were met, though they can hardly be said to have been overcome, by a series of Governments, sometimes made up principally of Parliamentarians, and sometimes of officials chosen by the President. These Governments represented various shades of opinion, but, generally speaking, they voiced the views of the Czechs and of the more advanced sections of the community. Their legislation would be described in England as Socialistic, there was a limited form of capital levy, and the social policy was of an almost revolutionary type.

About three years ago, however, a material modification set in. The last elections, held in November 1925, strengthened the bourgeois parties and weakened the Socialists. Furthermore, the rural sections of the community wished to extend the system of tariffs so as to give better protection to agriculture—an extension opposed by the Socialists, who were also strongly represented in the Cabinet. Finally, and as already suggested, the President, Dr. Benes, and the more far-seeing politicians recognized that, for home as well as foreign reasons, the Germans must be allowed and encouraged to play their part in the affairs of the Republic. The consequence was that, after M. Cerny and a non-political Government had once more been in power for a few months, M. Svehla, a farmer, and one of the ablest and most important leaders in Czechoslovakia, again formed a Coalition in October 1926. Made up of the elements of the Right, and opposed by the Socialists of all shades, it enjoys the support of the Czechoslovak and German Agrarians and Clericals, of the Czechoslovak National Democrats (big industrialists), and of the Middle Class (small traders) Party. With two German Ministers, representative of about half the German population, and three Slovak Ministers, who voice a larger number of Slovak deputies than heretofore, the Coalition, over which M. Svehla presided until his resignation owing to renewed ill-health on February 1st last, has adopted far more moderate legislation, and it has undoubtedly been the means of furthering the consolidation of the State.

The discontent among the Slovaks depends partly upon conditions to which I have referred and partly upon circumstances now worthy of mention. This section of the community, who had suffered severely under Hungary, no doubt expected far too much from their union with the Czechs. Moreover, the fact that economic conditions are everywhere worse than before the war applies specially in cases where new and sometimes domestically artificial frontiers have been established. Again, Hungary certainly does not look with disfavour upon, and she has naturally encouraged, discontent in an area which was once hers. Alternatively, the Czechs, at any rate at first, were none too anxious to do full honour to arrangements

entered into before or at the time of the Union, and the highest officials have admitted to me that their best functionaries have not always been willing to go, and that they have not invariably been sent, to Slovakia. But if there was, and still is, a good deal of discontent, a consensus of opinion convinces one that things are distinctly better than heretofore, that no large number of Slovaks would wish to return to Hungary, and that the administrative reform, introduced at the end of last year, is a step in the right direction. That reform, which takes the shape of re-establishing a limited autonomy for Bohemia, and for the now combined Moravia and Silesia, extends this privilege to Slovakia and Ruthenia. A proportion of the new Diets are nominated by Prague and, consequently, their real power will be limited. But the recognition of the Slovaks, though not full enough to satisfy all their demands, should tend to minimize discontent, and to give the leaders an open and constitutional opportunity of voicing grievances which heretofore have found other modes of expression.

The Germans and the Magyars form by far the most important minorities and, on paper at any rate, they, like the other races, enjoy an equality of rights with the Czechoslovaks. Over and above the question of their numbers the Germans occupy a predominating position because of their education, intelligence, and organization, and, as already stated, this has been recognized by the way in which they have been brought into the Government. Moreover, in recent years a limited number of Germans have entered the administration and, under a settlement of the so-called Marienbad Question, the Agrarian Laws have not been applied and the German Monastery, which owns that place, has been allowed to retain it subject to certain conditions. Furthermore, although there are still complaints about various disabilities suffered by non-Czechoslovaks and about education and language—complaints largely due to the fact that in the past the Germans had all the facilities and advantages—they now have one university and a higher proportion of schools than the Czechoslovaks themselves. The case of the Magyars is much more acute, even if less important. I believe that, relatively speaking, they

have the largest number of schools in the country and, whilst the case of the property of optants is more or less the same as that in Rumania, the Czechoslovak Land Laws are less rigorous, and Dr. Benes is doing his best to settle the claims out of court. The real question here, therefore, is that these people resent their separation from Hungary, to which they would like to return, and that consequently no real solution exists for a problem directly raised by the new territorial distribution of this part of Europe.

The financial, economic, and industrial situations are highly satisfactory. Largely owing to the extent of her industries and commerce, and to their efficient management, it is comparatively easy to balance the budget, and exports exceed imports to such an amount that, for each of the last two years, there has been a favourable difference of about £12,000,000. In spite of enormous difficulties inflation was prevented at an early stage, the currency has been stable for years and, with foreign borrowings already very low, Czechoslovakia has already repaid some of her loans, and she has taken a share in those given to Austria and Bulgaria. Companies must have over 50 per cent. nominal Czechoslovak capital, a majority of directors must belong to that race, and no public works may be tendered for with foreign material unless this is 20 per cent. cheaper than the same home product. There are high tariffs, and these and the quotas for certain articles, such as motor-cars, react against British trade. The various industries are carefully organized and, coupled with the fact that wages in Prague are only about 47 per cent. of those in London, and that the standard of ordinary living is low, this enables Czechoslovak goods successfully to compete in the international market. Thus she exports a larger quantity of beet sugar than any other country in the world. This trade, however, received a severe, though from our standpoint a legitimate, blow when Mr. Winston Churchill reduced his import duties upon raw sugar. But endeavours have been made to meet this difficulty and the world over-production by certain remissions of taxation and by financing exported sugar out of much higher home prices. Textiles are the biggest of the

industries, the iron, steel, and engineering trades are doing well and Czechoslovakia, still famous for its high-class Bohemian glass, is known for its lamp chimneys and table ware so largely dispatched to this country. Lastly, M. Bata is a sort of Henry Ford of the boot and shoe world ; he employs 20,000 people in his various factories, and, in 1928, the State, as a whole, exported footwear to the value of nearly £7,000,000.

Generally speaking, the above remarks are favourable to Czechoslovakia. Nevertheless, in the opinion of the present writer, there are three directions in which very serious criticism is legitimate. No secret exists that corruption is fairly common, and this gives rise to reasonable complaint. Moreover, whereas new frontiers, mixed populations, and racial hatreds cause difficulties, the large contingent of people (mostly Hungarians and Ruthenes, and said by some to amount to 90,000 souls), who now have no nationality, create a problem, the solution of which is urgent. The question is complicated and long-drawn out and it arises from the fact that most of these people, usually belonging to Slovakia, failed, or were unable, to take out the necessary certificates and to comply with the required formalities soon after the war, and that, as a consequence, they are not recognized as subjects of Czechoslovakia or of Hungary. Equally, there are a limited number of former officials who refused to take the oath to the new State and who are therefore officially unemployed, if not denationalized. Prolonged negotiations have taken place between the two countries, and a certain amount of legislation has been introduced in the Prague Chamber on the subject. There may conceivably be faults on both sides, but, considering the very wide advantages and concessions enjoyed by Czechoslovakia, it is for her to take immediate steps to put an end to what has already become a European scandal.

Lastly, whether or not one approves in principle of the splitting up of large estates, the Agrarian Reform inaugurated in April 1919, the system of putting colonists upon the land, and particularly the way these measures have been carried out leave a great deal to be desired. The department responsible for the taking over

and redistribution of the land was created by a nominated Chamber, largely composed of Czechs, and it is not under the control of Parliament. Everybody knows that the best way of protecting his interests or of securing the highest prices is to enter into private or direct treaties with those concerned rather than to await the operation of, or resort to, the law, and, although the compensation paid is less meagre than in some countries, it is inadequate. The Germans resent the loss of their property (often at, to them, specially bad prices) less than the manner of its redistribution largely to Czechs. Groups of colonists, as distinct from the ordinary smallholders, have been planted in German and Slovak districts largely for political reasons, and it was hardly necessary for the State to commandeer the forests from their former private owners. Many of the poor and new owners cannot afford to cultivate, and are incapable of cultivating, their ground properly; private arrangements, contrary to the law, are made between neighbours or with the Jews for combining holdings; and a new form of aristocracy is growing or will grow up round the manor houses, which have often been acquired at low prices. In short, the agricultural policy is open to distinct criticism, and it seems probable, unless something is done to improve the situation, that before many years have passed, much of the land will have reverted into the hands of relatively large owners.

Politically and economically the State is now a going concern, an administration has been created out of practically nothing, and that administration is probably at least as good as those of the neighbouring countries except Germany. It only remains for the Czechoslovaks to continue to support their two great leaders, and for those leaders and the Government to press for the necessary legal and departmental reforms to some of which I have referred. Preliminary confidence has been established at home and abroad. That confidence can be maintained and consolidated by wisdom, magnanimity, and fair play.

Mrs. Bennett

By L. A. G. Strong

ONCE upon a time there sat beaming at her table in the Pelican residential hotel a little old lady called Mrs. Bennett. The room was half empty, for lunch was a meal to which the guests need not be punctual; and Mrs. Bennett was beaming because the young man she called her nephew had sent her yet another box of peaches. Not that she cared greatly for peaches herself, but the box enabled her to make little presents to her friends; for Mrs. Bennett had reached an age when she no longer felt secure, and liked any chance of making herself agreeable. Also, peaches were a luxury, emblematic of that vanished state which, as she often told her friends, she had once enjoyed.

The tables filled gradually and she looked around the room, taking careful note of each arrival. Delicate problems arose in her mind, whether to bestow some of her gifts at once, or to wait till dinner-time, when the workers came back. If, for instance, she now took a peach across to Miss Enderby, by the folding doors, Mrs. Fawcett might possibly take offence, not realizing that Mrs. Bennett was reserving her gift until Mr. Fawcett should be there also. Mr. Fawcett asked after her health, and smiled so nicely when he held the door open for her. He should on no account be neglected in Mrs. Bennett's ministration.

As a matter of fact, the old lady's gifts were not always appreciated. An adjacent family, disliking peaches, suffered much embarrassment during the season, and there were others who preferred to be left to themselves at meals.

"Silly old geezer," murmured Mr. Colson, with his mouth full. "What's she want to come bothering people for? I'll offer her a forkful of tripe one of these days, you see if I don't."

"Hush! She'll hear you, George. I wouldn't have her feelings hurt for the world. Still, I wish she wouldn't do it."

There was always a spare place laid at Mrs. Bennett's table, for it was her practice from time to time to ask one of the girls staying in the hotel to occupy it. The few

regular inhabitants, business girls for the most part, had developed a high technique in avoiding these invitations, so that Mrs. Bennett had usually to depend on the daughters of chance visitors, and those families who made the hotel their base during annual visits to town.

"My dears, Mrs. Bennett has asked me if one of you can sit with her tonight."

"Oh, Mummy, hang it all! Why should we?"

"Darling, one of you *must* go. Think what pleasure it will give the poor old soul. Besides, she'll be terribly hurt if you don't."

"Well, it's not my turn, anyway. I went on Friday. You'll have to go, Monica."

And Monica, once trapped, knew what was before her. She must feign attention while Mrs. Bennett discoursed upon the past. Like almost everyone so situated, Mrs. Bennett had "not been accustomed" to living in hotels, and needed to solace her self-respect by having this fact clearly understood. Even so, she felt at a disadvantage. Although her narratives of bygone splendour were not apocryphal, she knew that in a community of uneasy romancers they were bound to be discounted, and was therefore glad to get her story in first. The other old ladies did not bother about young girls, so that this field was altogether Mrs. Bennett's. Moreover, the late Bennett, though a man of considerable wealth, had few other social assets. Hers had been a genuine love match, whatever the county had said, but at this distance she felt no inconsistency between cherishing Joseph's memory and being anxious to conceal her mésalliance. If his wealth had remained, she could have taken her place proudly; but things had gone wrong, she had been cheated, and found herself doubly exiled from the levels of her girlhood. Joe Bennett's widow, with his money, could have gone anywhere; Joe Bennett's widow without it had no place but the Pelican. What was worse, their one daughter had proved the power of inherited characteristics and gone the way of her mother. It was really a mercy that she and Albert lived abroad, hard though it was for an old lady to be left alone. One day of Albert and her prestige at the Pelican would be gone for ever. There was always the danger that somebody would come to the hotel who knew him, or who had known Joseph; so that Mrs. Bennett never felt really secure, and her

spirit needed the monologues which found such uncomprehending and unwilling listeners. Her voice flowed on in gentle, even periods, interspersed with tremulous smiles, pausing every now and then upon a note of quiet triumph; whereupon the girl, recalling her attention just in time, would turn her candid eyes to Mrs. Bennett's face.

"Oh, Mrs. Bennett! Did the Duke really say that? How pleased you must have been."

In the drawing-room, surrounded by other old ladies, she found a readier audience; such ladies being well aware that to listen to another's recital entitles them to follow with their own. Afterwards, when all has been told, they can pool their splendours, and use the common stock to the disparagement of any other lady they may dislike. All elderly newcomers to the Pelican, if they survived scrutiny and discussion, could be admitted to the circle, the password being, "Of course, we see that, like ourselves, you have not been accustomed to this style of thing." Revelations could then be made "as between ladies" about guests on the drawing-room black list, and the new sister duly warned whom to avoid. Mrs. Bennett, owing to her coquettings with the young, and her general vagueness, was only a courtesy member of the drawing-room set, but they were all kind to her, and suffered her easily. She had proved beyond all doubt her possession of distinguished friends Several times one or other of the great ladies she spoke of visiting came and took tea with her, to the envy and silence of the entire drawing-room. This in itself, as a challenge to produce similar evidence, might not have endeared her to the rest, but the last of her guests, one Lady Carnaby, had made a most favourable impression, talking to all and sundry with such good will that they were completely won over. When, finally, she begged of Mrs. Sims (irreverently known to the lounge as Big Bertha) a copy of her celebrated recipe for chocolate soufflé, the last citadel was carried, and Mrs. Bennett moved for weeks afterwards in a haze of reflected glory. When all was said and done, thought the Pelican collectively, she was a harmless old thing, rather an old dear, and whatever she did, nobody could feel cross with her for long. She was so sensitive that the least rebuff drew tears, and the general feeling was that to hurt her would be rather worse than hurting a child.

The maids liked her because she was gentle and unexacting; the management liked her for the same reasons, and because she paid her bills the day they were presented. She was a bore, and yet, somehow, she drew all that was best out of the place, seeming to swim contentedly on the warm flow of human kindness like a mild old duck upon a safe and sunny stream. Few could guess how desperately she craved their good will, how little she trusted her personality to obtain it.

She did not always meet with such consideration. No one could expect that; but for a long time there were only trifling rubs to set her trembling. Then one day there came to the Pelican a certain Mrs. Molyneux and her two daughters. In loudness, paint, and hard-bitten self-assurance the trio were well matched. What seemed to the hotel ladies the proper interval between one generation and another was not observed at all; Mrs. Molyneux went the pace as hardily as her daughters. More hardily, in fact, for often when those damsels lay yet abed, she breakfasted downstairs at the regular time. Her temper might be shorter than usual, but there she was.

It was on such a morning that she came into conflict with Mrs. Bennett. The drawing-room had long since decided that Mrs. Molyneux and all her works were in the worst possible taste, but they were prevented from indicating as much to her by the fact that she never came within range. This morning, however, having attempted to write a letter in the lounge, the denizens of which were happily throwing cushions at each other, she left them with a searing malediction and went upstairs in search of quiet. The conclave, which had been discussing her latest outrage, could hardly believe their eyes when she entered brusquely and made her way to the writing-table. Here in their hands, at last, and alone. There was a silence. Big Bertha sat irresolute at her crochet, and the other regulars, awaiting her leadership, looked at her, Mrs. Molyneux's back, and one another. Then, unexpectedly, the silvery voice of Mrs. Bennett broke the spell.

Incapable of the innuendo which, as soon as they had recovered, would have been the others' first weapon, she began a monologue upon her accustomed lines, not directed at the culprit, but intended, by force of contrast, to awaken in her a sense of her enormities. If the woman

had any wits at all, she could not fail to see how far short her own conduct fell of the high actions now described by Mrs. Bennett. The other ladies, projecting their own spite into the discourse, listened with great approval.

For some time Mrs. Molyneux's pen scratched on unheeding, but by degrees it was heard to falter and grow slow. Presently it stopped altogether, and Big Bertha, craning to one side, observed with delight that its owner was furiously biting the end of it. Mrs. Bennett, her moral purpose lost in the joys of narrative, rambled blissfully on.

Then, without warning, the victim shot round in her chair.

"For God's sake shut up!" she cried. "Who cares if your husband *did* hold the duke's hat while he washed his hands!"

And, gathering her things together, she rose and flung out of the room, banging the door behind her.

For some moments Mrs. Bennett stared straight in front of her, mouth and eyes wide open. She had no means of comprehending what had happened. In all her gentle life there had been nothing like it. Then, very slowly, the blankness began to pucker and tremble and tears appeared at the corners of her eyes.

The other ladies made a great fuss of her. They patted her hands, put cushions to her back, spoke soothing words. They referred to Mrs. Molyneux as "that woman."

"Unspeakable, my dear."

"Such *language!*"

"No one who had any pretensions to be a lady. . . ."

"The moment I saw her, I knew. . . ."

Finally, Big Bertha declared her intention of going to the management. She did so, returning no less indignant. The management had listened courteously, and agreed that it was, of course, too bad.

"Then what are you going to do about it?" cried Bertha.

Whereupon the management, after inspecting its carefully polished finger-nails and looking down its elegantly creased trousers to its patent shoes, had with all possible politeness allowed Bertha to see that it did not propose to do anything about it. The management, with a smile which showed most of its excellent teeth,

had even hinted that Mrs. Bennett was perhaps, sometimes, just a leetle bit trying; didn't Mrs. Sims think so? Mrs. Sims did not, and left the office fuming.

Alas! for justice. She sometimes suffers through those who invoke her, while the persons of the ungodly are accepted. Whether as a result of this complaint, or of an interview between Mrs. Molyneux and the management, a few evenings later that lady, accompanied by her daughters and divers satellites, invaded the drawing-room, lit cigarettes, and proceeded to play bridge. Led by Big Bertha, the regulars hotly contested the engagement, withdrawing finally in a body to the management. Next morning appeared a notice to the effect that, for those who did not wish to smoke, a special room would be reserved on the ground floor. It was, of course, true that five or six old ladies had been monopolizing a room that could hold fifteen, and that, considering drinks, guests to dances, late meals, and the like, one Molyneux profiteth per week some two or three Big Berthas. Still, justice is justice, and we must be allowed a sigh for the defeated regulars in their room downstairs, with no remedy but to hold the head high in air when passing Mrs. Molyneux's noisy table in the dining-room.

Meantime Mrs. Bennett was a popular heroine. Far from laying their defeat at her door, the ladies regarded her as a martyr, and paid her quite unprecedented attentions. Never had she received so much kindness, such enthusiastic consideration. And she needed it all, the poor old body, though it could not really console her. The faith of her declining years was shattered; an inadmissible thing had befallen her. There were some supports upon which all civilized life depended, and if one of these broke, any monstrosity might follow: the police might storm Buckingham Palace, a bishop dance a breakdown upon the altar steps, the very food on her plate might be poison. Security was no more. Besides, she read into this relegation of the drawing-room regulars more than they did. With a native shrewdness which her marriage had sharpened she realized that the management would not treat Big Bertha & Co. so cavalierly, if it were not well prepared to do without them; and this made her suppose that it contemplated raising the prices. Her income was far smaller than she let anyone guess and she

feared that she would be obliged to leave. This menace, coupled with the shock of Mrs. Molyneux's attack, brought her to a pitiable state. Her whole tenure of life was in danger, and she understood, moreover, that the kindness now shown to her was partly artificial, being in some of its public manifestations no more than an indirect way of affronting her aggressor. And so Mrs. Bennett became every day more timid. Her naturally gentle voice dropped so low that the people to whom she spoke very often did not hear her, and she wept over many a fancied slight. Her nerves failed her. She could hardly pass the Molyneux table to reach her own.

Then, in good season, her nephew came. Really he was no more than a distant cousin, two whole generations removed, born and bred in Australia. When his work brought him to England, his parents had written to Mrs. Bennett, as the only surviving relative they could trace, and both the lonely boy and the lonely old lady had been glad to acknowledge kinship. Charlie, when he met her, had undertaken a nephew's rôle with the thoroughgoing good nature of his race, and treated the fluttering old lady with a hearty affection which delighted her, even if it sometimes left her short of breath. On his rare visits to town he took her about, was boisterously demonstrative, and generally made much of her. When he was away, he sent her all manner of little gifts, such as the peaches, and quite unsuitable pieces of apparel, purchased goodness knows where upon his travels. She gave away most of the peaches, and a good deal of the apparel, keeping a selection in case he should inquire after it upon his next visit—which he never did. She loved to receive them, none the less.

Now, after eighteen months, he came again, and the old lady was never gladder in her life to see him. He exclaimed at her pale cheeks, prescribing plenty of dinners and theatres, something to buck her up. Mrs. Bennett smiled tremulously, and shook her head. She hardly felt up to it for the present, she said. Soon, perhaps. . .

A sudden wonderful thought struck her. Dare she ask him? Dare she?

"Charles, dear. Where are you staying?"

"Same old place. Why?"

"I—I suppose you'd hardly care to—you couldn't possibly come and stay here?"

He looked up quickly into her face, and was silent for a moment.

"Of course I could, Auntie dear, if you'd like me to."

"I should, Charles," replied Mrs. Bennett earnestly, "I should like it very much, indeed."

"Well, then, that's settled, isn't it?" He smiled again, and gave her a squeeze. "I'll cut down after tea and get my baggage."

That night at dinner Charlie was the object of much attention. Mrs. Bennett, seated opposite him, felt herself wondrously revived. Should she tell him about Mrs. Molyneux, she wondered. Presently, perhaps. Not now. He might—awful thought!—he might rise, in his just wrath, and create another scene. Then as the very thought was in her head, he spoke.

"Who's that over there?"

Mrs. Bennett knew at once who he meant, but she made a delicate pretence of half turning her head.

"Where?"

"Third table, back against the wall. Woman with two girls."

"There? Oh, she's a Mrs. Molyneux."

She strove hard to keep her voice steady, for a dread had assailed her. Men—especially young men from the Colonies—were supposed to be susceptible to that particular kind of woman. Certainly the daughters did not lack admirers, and Mrs. Molyneux's racy tongue always gathered an audience in the lounge. If it were so, if Charles's interest were roused, it would be fatal to show any——

"Hard-bitten old harridan, isn't she? And the other two will soon be like her, by the looks of them."

The words were hardly of Mrs. Bennett's customary choice, but they rang in her ears like music.

"She is—well—I don't think she's altogether a very nice sort of woman."

"I should damn well think not," said Charlie, watching the Molyneux party with hostility. "Oh, I beg your pardon, Auntie."

But Mrs. Bennett had not heard. A warm wave of peace came over her, and she smiled luminously. Secure once more, she looked across the room at her beaten enemy. In the exaltation of that moment, she forgave Mrs. Molyneux everything.

English as She is Wrote, in the Far East

By J. O. P. Bland

By common consent, English has established itself as the *lingua franca* of traders in the Far East. This has come about during the past century, partly as the result of our commercial and military activities from 1840 to 1900, partly because the great majority of missionaries in Asia are British and American, but chiefly because foreign merchants in China realized at the outset the impossibility of conducting their business in the language of the country. "Pidgin" (i.e. business) English was accordingly devised by the Chinese as the readiest medium of intercourse. As British trade became predominant, this "pidgin" English gradually developed into a fairly comprehensive dialect, in which an increasing vocabulary of English words were adapted to the Chinese method of constructing sentences. As used by the "compradores," seafaring men, and houseboys of the nineteenth century, it was a picturesque jargon, not without etymological interest, and a good example of what Dr. Arthur Smith calls the flexible inflexibility of the Chinese. Since then, the schoolmaster has been abroad, and although "pidgin" still lingers in the business world of the Treaty Ports, it is now beneath the notice of the modern student class, products of English and American colleges. Nevertheless, I doubt whether most of the brilliant exponents of Western learning say things as useful, or say them as intelligibly, as did their forefathers, the compradores of the old regime. This opinion, however, may possibly be prejudiced and due to the fact that "pidgin" English is associated in my mind with a class of friendly, faithful, and (as their world goes) honest Chinese which appears to be rapidly dying out under the new dispensation.

During ten years of service in an administrative capacity at Shanghai (1896–1906), I came across a good many examples of "English as she is wrote." Lately, in the course of a spring-cleaning upheaval, an old bundle of

these came to the surface, set aside long ago as specimens worth preserving. Taken as a whole, they may have lost something of their original flavour; nevertheless, even at this date, some of them seem to be worth reprieving from the dust-bin because, despite their naïveté, they reveal certain aspects of the Oriental mind, its inveterate conservatism and pride of race, and its pathetic appreciation of good government, no matter by whom ordained.

Most of the communications and petitions addressed to the Shanghai Municipality by Chinese residents within Settlement limits were anonymous and contained complaints with regard to the "squeezing," and other malpractices of native detectives, tax-collectors, and sanitary inspectors. Although publicly invited to seek redress for such grievances, and assured of protection in so doing, the writers of these complaints usually preferred (not without reason) to remain anonymous; this, however, did not prevent investigation of the charges preferred. Another numerous class of petitioners were those seeking employment in some branch of the public service. Generally speaking, the large Chinese population of the Settlements was unconcerned with the political status and administrative methods of the Foreign Municipality. Faithful to Confucian principles, it was content to leave the business of government in the hands of the constituted authorities, well content so long as, protected against evildoers, it could enjoy in peace the fruits of its labours. Occasionally, however, individuals of the educated class were moved, either by their fears at times of dangerous disturbance, or by the ferment of new ideas produced by "Western learning," to display a fleeting interest in local politics. Such cases, at the time of which I write, were comparatively rare. Here, for example, is a letter addressed to the Council by a householder, greatly perturbed in mind by the swift-spreading rumours of the Boxer uprising in 1900:—

SIR, We were told by somebody that in your Consulate there is a great deal of fire-arrows for grant to whom they are anxiously in demand. Exactly we are much frightened to hear the conducts of those kind Boxers. It pleasures us very much if you kindly grant a fire-arrow to us by the bearer in order of preparing any sudden riot. Respectfully begging you to accept our poor request, with thanks, believe us, we are, S. K.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE

The following brief essay on local politics and finance, written in 1896, is interesting as an early example of Young China's mental exercises in unfamiliar fields. Readers acquainted with the copious writings of the late lamented Sun Yat-sen on the same subjects will note the curious family resemblance which this letter displays to the mental processes of the Cantonese leader.

SIR, I am a mandarin son, no money to go into office, but still got a good interest in my China country. First I want to point out three points to you.

I. Your Commissioner of Customs so 'tis your duty to report in the condition of the city business to the Inspector, i.e. golds are very very dear in other nations. Why allow gold to export ?

II. Post Office : foreigners go to inside will never do : why not connext it with Telegraph offices ?

III. Why not tell my country to make money such as gold silver dollars, so no man can take away only by exchange ?

So many country like to destroy China, so I begs you will consider my points and do not be angry with me. yours very truly, CHEN TUNG.

Another letter, dated from the Municipal Gaol on May 23, 1904; recalls an incident which created no little stir at the time in diplomatic circles, namely, the refusal of the Municipality (supported by the British authorities) to hand over for execution by the Chinese Government certain prisoners, convicted of having published seditious articles in a Shanghai newspaper, the *Supao*. The Council's action in this matter was based on the recognized principle, essential to the security of life and property in the Settlements, that residents therein can only be arrested upon warrants executed by the Municipal Police, and must be tried in open Court by the proper authorities. The prisoners in this case, writers of this letter, had been sentenced by the Mixed Court to imprisonment with hard labour for various terms. The "hard labour" had been very leniently interpreted by the Captain Superintendent of Police, but the fear of it was a haunting fear in the minds of these men who had never handled anything heavier than a pen.

DEAR SIR, It is now Mix Court notice to us, one is two years in prison, one is three years in prison. The Prison-master will take us like other prisoners every day to work. But us very weak cannot to work for it is trouble. Before time, the Chinese offerece want take us go in city, will cut off our head. You do not let go out, for us are state prisoners, so that help us very kindly. Now we every day to work and

can not take proper meal. We think we will die. If you let us go out, though we cut off head, we made a famous man. Now we die, we made a infamous man. So that we beg you let us in proper house and our boy sent meal every day, like before times. Thank you kindly. I remain, Sir, your servants,

CHANG PIN LING.
CHOA SONG.

Let us turn from politics to other plaints. Here are three letters which appear to disprove the commonly-accepted idea that the Chinese nose does not resent evil smells.

GENTLEMEN, Entreat you will enquire of a China butcher store at 490 Fokhien Road. There boiler oxbone or horsebone and all rubbish things every morning begin 8 a.m. to noon, the stink came all over made people sicken. We are much oblige you please look round and oblige.

I am, &c., MA FEL & Co.

DEAR SIR, We have the honour to inform you that in the neighbourhood of my house of the first lane of the Tuck-on-lou, Shanse Road, where the waste material and decaying cabbages, &c., were laying all over the ground in large heaps and its smell which would easily make us sick so I hope you sent out a few of your dirty carts to take them away and oblige,

Thank for your trouble, we are yours very truly,

FANG YING CHANG.

SIRS, On learning your notice issued lately of advicing the public to extinguish all dirts, which I am well pleased, I beg to inform you that the transient people passing by our lane daily, attribute it as a convenient place for them and often a large pile of dirty mixtures was piled up, the nuisance of which is quite unworthy to perceive by the nose, especially when the summer sun points it. I trust therefore that you will give a conclusing to both. Trusting the above favour will meet with favourable consideration, I have the honour to be your obedient servant,

KWONG SHING FUNG.

The zeal for the public health professed by the writers of the following petition was in reality a cloak for one of many schemes to establish a monopoly in the pork-flesh trade.

SIR, It is regret to propose that all the unclean foods are apt to make people sick. Especially the pork, in Chinese, the dealers, after the hog was killed, pumping in with the dirty water to enable its weight increased, so as the high costs they might be gained. Even the dead or sick hog also killed for sale.

Evidently the plague was so severely prevailing among the Settlements in recent day was caused in taking such unclean things. On this purpose we have the honour to request your promise to have the

British and American Settlements each of them establish a "Porks" abattoir. On and after the date of the abbatoir's established, all the original private butchers, 15 in British and 10 in American, ought to be worked in these abattoirs. Every month about 7000 hogs more for the supply of two settelments, except the three Chinese festivals the number further can be raised numerously. To each one hog we agree to pay to the Municipal Council the subscription of twenty cents, collecting monthly from the dealers with your assistants. Twenty per cent is taking from this amount for the expense of the abbatoirs. Everything regards to the abbatoirs is under our controls. A favourable reply is waiting by,

your obedient servants,

WONG CHI ZUNG, Butcher-in-chief,
CHOU KIH-ZUNG, Chinese doctor.

Next we come to a number of typical complaints against Chinese detectives and other members of the Council's native staff. They bear dates between 1900 and 1906.

DEAR SIR, Having the paragraph of permit not the Chinaman walk on the Nanking Road and the family woman smoke opium in shops I think that it a savage rule without in universal law. And the policeman be every rough official in your managing Settlement. Can you replies me it is a proper of the Police Station or Municipal Council regulations ?

It is a proper of the femal vagabond smoking but the family woman are not, it is a improperness in walking at Nanking Road or riding for diffrence in English and Chinese. Please except this rude regulations and proclaim to the crowd of men.

yours truly, ANONYMOUSER.

DEAR SIR, We, the inhabitants of this Settlement, beg to petition you that we are very anxious to see the former detective Loh Ah Kin to be punished as severe as possible. Because we know that he ruins the people very much all the time. We cannot finish our testify of his worst conducts of his life to you, every body generally can tell you a year's story of his mischievous acts. Please do it what we wish, We are,

yours obediently, Crowds of People.

SIR, I beg information you that I requesting you catching the roughman namely called Chow Ah doo, situated in paotime of Chinese sauce factory opposite in hotel allways in. There amusement with all the wicked mans and the peoples cannot walk in road for make any business also to squeeze money by the above that Roughman. And I entreating you must be charge him into the Judge three years in commite because they on the world for Badly and coming some there getting beaten to honesty man. Also Robber girls hid in make wife as fiercely at all time and must be prisoner them with Judge and shall be much oblige,

yours faithfully, Requesting all the Peoples.

SIR, Residents in the Settlements are protected by the Municipal Council in every respect but why the innocent Chinese fair sex are allowed to be suffered and embarrassed by the unlawful detectives?

It is rumoured that the Chinese authorities are prohibiting men keeping "chin-liu-hai," or a circle of hair surrounding the tuft, for the only purpose of looking, but no proclamation to that effect has been posted for the information of the public. If it be true but I am sure that the Chin-liu-hai of women are excluded, as it is the usual procedure pursued by the authorities every year. I witnessed a number of girls, who have chin-liu-hai hair, having been extorted by the loafer like detectives.

While the seditious Supao journalists are charged by the Chinese Government, the Municipal Council do their best to secure their safety because they are residents of the Settlements, then the innocent ladies ought to be met the same favour has, as they are guilty of nothing.

I request your Honour, on the behalf of the public interested, to take immediate measures to discover and suppress the squeezing actions performed by the detectives. As being ordered by the proclamation of the Council that anyone whose liberty is in danger may complain and plead for protection from the M.C., I dare to report you what is going on in the Settlements or in your jurisdiction, which is urgently required to be got rid of at once. Salus populi suprema est lex. I am, &c., &c.

A Chinese Resident.

SIR, Your petitioners all the members of the prostitutes in Shanghai most humbly beg your honour to condescend to take the following matter into consideration.

A servant in the Municipal Isolation Hospital by name Shou Pao has created a great deal of trouble, which your petitioners can hardly get rid of. When bribes, demanded us by her are unfavourable, she by all means will speak ill of us to the Doctor and vice versa. In her dormitory has been kept a Buddha and she use to suscribe or rather extort money, say 50 cents each, for the god's service. This has been known to the Dr Stanley of the said hospital but no result ensued, therefore the extortion become more active and if such a bad habit be not rooted your petitioners will be entangled for ever.

We are, &c., All the Members of the Prostitutes.

SIR, I beg to draw your attention to the fact that when it was 11.30 in the evening of the 18th inst, I returned from the north I heard there was a great clack and saw a fierce fight among many crowded round people on the Foochow Road while I passed by there. When I looked a little closer, I wondered what was the fight taken place for, only heard what the other people said: "The policeman acting impartiality." After I was notified the whole circumstances of the matter is, until inquired distinctly:—the numbered 327 brothel in the end of Sing-Hwo-lung was for what sought a cause of quarrel against by the cuckold surnamed Wang and his 20 more fellows (these are manly servants belonging to another brothel). And they stroke and destroyed when occured men and furnuture as soon as entered in the in the

above said brothel No 327. So the said brothel provided the native policeman No 608 to be set in watch and suppression. This policeman was not only neglected to settle the quarrel at all, but also seeming as assisted these 20 more fellows. So then the said brothel was hurt greatly.

The aforesaid words that was caught into my eargate, but I did not know these 20 more men attend there again after or not. I trusted that the Police Station acting strictly and justly. If this numbered 608 Policeman has done unjustly as what I heard, so that greatly breach of the fame of the Station. We earnestly expecting you to judge this numbered 608 policeman what he has happened during that evening. Then all the people will know that they are to be in subjection of your Station's justice and can trust what are you acting strictly. This application is especially made on account of the importance of your Station's fame.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
Shanghai Correspondent.

Petition from the Gold and Silver Hongs of Shanghai.

SIR, The English Settlement of Shanghai is the business place and the Police Station sends the policemen there day and night; it is in order to watching the people who are lodging the same Settlement.

Being looking out from South to Nanking Road, north to Peking road, west to Shanse road, and east to Szechuan road, those place are the place of most important, for there are many great Chinese hongs conjoining together. Formerly the Chinese merchants have lodged very peacefully, because the policeman took with careful inspection; but now your petitioners are always have heard the notice of robbing, it made your petitioners of much terrible. On the 19th inst. 6 or 7 robbers rushing into Hoong Chuen Chinese silver shop to plundering and also have wounded six men. At that time haven't one policeman to catch them, though after have petited to Police Station but until now haven't found out, it makes the people much alarm. But the Gold shops are always remaining with great many gold bars, its treasure is more worth than the other business. If unfortunately your petitioners happened the said affairs, what further can be done? Your petitioners entreats your Honour to have a good way made the rascals dare not do such fearful matter. Greatly to keeping the commercial affairs and let the people enjoying the peacefulness.

(Signed by 17 hongs.)

The following are three out of many curious specimens of English forwarded to the Council in response to an advertisement calling for applications for an interpretership in the public service.

MY DEAR SIR, Please kindly excuse me and let me know for I had understand by on the daily news and said here is wanted an interpret with good write, are you not? So I am dared write a letter for you come to try if you agreed I will come next Monday as I am very expected, and oblige, your obedient servant. YANG TING WAI.

DEAR SIR, I am sorry to say that I cannot come desire your engagement because I am a Christian and I must keep the Sabbath as a holy day and you can find another one for vacancy and oblige,

yours faithfully, CHING WOO.

SIR, Are you well? I am at the Park Road, Mr Flank Esq home to teach some boys, about three years ago. For my master his father dead in this month. He and his little child go to Nanking but I have not business for just now. I saw the newspaper have it, you wish a Chinaman to write and speak English I think come to this place will try.

your disobedient servant,

WONG KUEI CHING.

Here is a mournful plaint by a writer whose name is legion, but it is seldom that one finds the pathetic note struck so melodiously.

MY DEAR SIR, I am with the greatest humility presumed to beg you let me now pray you, and for love of me, that I had waited upon you so long. When you departed me your words I had borne in mind up to the present day so I trust you will not forget me and your heart is no harder than other persons to leave me in a solitary and miserable aspect, that you would take pity upon your poor lovely helpless Chinney who is in a destitute state, and very poor now being alway sick, and had no means to earn a living and no one to depend but only you my most lovely benefactor. Therefore I beg most humbly ask you a boon to pity your most lovely Chinney and give me a little help, so that I might not in so hard press and have a living, in which greatest kindness I shall very many thanks you from the bottom of my heart and ever pray.

your most lovely

CHINNEY.

The writer of the following signed himself "An English Gentleman," but from internal evidence one may assume that his name was Wong.

DEAR SIR, My friend Mr Wong, who with very fine clothes sat at the bench of the Bund before the Custom House to look at the regatta yesterday, at four oclock p.m., was treated very rudely and driven of it violently by a No 138 Chinese policeman. It is very contumelious for me and for my friend, because the policeman did it most unjustly and it permitted Chinese men of first class to sit at these benches. Therefore please let me have the Policeman punished severely if is given the permission of sitting at these benches. Or scratch out all the Chinese characters (which denot the permission of sitting for Chinamen) on all the benches, I beg, if the policeman will be not punished. For it is very just. If not, I am to favour Mr Wong my friend by another means.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE

And here is a genuine *cri de cœur* on the subject of local lotteries :—

HONOURABLE SIR, Please allow me to inform you that I am a poor man and therefore am in the habit of trying my luck in nearly every lottery that is being sold outside the Settlements, every month, but I can assure you Sir, that the money of these tickets is all swindled. The 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th prizes tickets is never issued by these swindlers but kept aside. I am now 15 years here but never heard of any foriegner or Chinaman winning one slip of these. Thousands of foreign ladies and gentlemen go to these shops and buy every month, nothing to add of the poor ignorant Chinese who flock to them and throw their dollars to these devils in vain, remaining under the impression that this time I will win.

We read in the "China Gazette" that a man is willing to give the Council 150,000 dollars only to renew the lottery in the Settlements, and as far as we have heard that the Council is kind enough in granting consent not for the sake of this sum but for the benefit of the public. If this is true, that a Lottery under good and trustworthy Europeans is to be established, we shall rejoice and ever pray for the long life of the Honourable Council of Shanghai. We shall no more run from Hongkew to these shops and buy these false tickets, as nearly half of our monthly wages is being spent in buying of these tickets. When I am gone to office for my work, the Devil comes to my Mrs, open his pad of tickets and fully convince her that she must win. If she has some cash saved, it is all gone and if not she has to go next door to borrow it from her neighbour friend. Our hearts are burning like fire about these lotteries. If a man takes it from us honestly, maskee !

Very Cunning are these Chinese. Once I went with all my tickets, about $35 worth, to the Kwangchi Hong where the Lottery is drawn and had a row with the Manager stating that it is a *cheat* and after ten minutes a Chinaman came forward with five slips of the 2nd prize. At once the Manager took it in hand and told me "Ha, Ha, look see, is this a cheat ? This is luck," and began the payment of the money. I went outside and stood at the back of some rickshas to see where the man would go to speak with him and found him going to the same place by the back door. This is the way they convince the people. The man is his, sent from inside.

I have a full hope that you will put your hand in the matter and save our trouble and our money from being spent in that way.

I remain, Sir, your most obedt servant,

One who speaks the very truth.

Several things in this effusion suggest that the writer was a Eurasian of good education, or possibly a Macaoese. But there is a world of Oriental philosophy in the "therefore" of its opening sentence.

A Victorian Sorcerer

By Kenneth Hare

THE court was packed. Mr. Cardinal, opening for the Crown, said that the circumstances of the acts which had led to the death of the deceased man appeared to him to constitute the crime of murder.

What were the facts ?

Some sixty odd villagers had hounded to his death a man eighty years of age for the crime of witchcraft, and the scene of the tragedy was not some forlorn hamlet in the south of Ireland, but Sible Hedingham, Essex, a village within threescore miles of London—a mere bicycle ride ! The reigning sovereign was neither Henry V nor James I, but Queen Victoria. Charles Dickens was within eight years of his death, and Thackeray within two, when the good folks of Essex "swum" as a wizard, a tottering old man, deaf, dumb, and decrepit. Nor were the demonstrators yokels. There was not a bumpkin amongst them; they were small, eminently respectable tradespeople, and none of them "under the influence of liquor."

The victim was French by birth, but had lived long in England, first at Braintree, later at Sible Hedingham. In the latter village he remained seven or eight years, until such time, in fact, as the Hedinghamites consigned him to the pond. Being deaf and dumb, he was—inevitably—nicknamed "Dummy," and never known by any other name, even to the legal gentlemen who conducted the trial. He was odd, he was eccentric, and in consequence, as the populace viewed him, a sinister figure.

It is said that if you tie a piece of red flannel to the leg of a seagull, the other birds will peck it to death for the crime of appearing different from themselves. Human beings greatly resemble these intelligent birds. No fashion, however grotesque, will appear grotesque if sufficiently followed, nor will fashions the most rational seem anything but irrational, at least to a mob, if they

have but few devotees. Oscar Wilde's knee breeches were doubtless as well cut in the nineteenth century as Beau Nash's had been in the eighteenth, but the effect produced by them was different. Beau Nash's pleased. But then all the other seagulls were wearing red flannel too. In "Dummy's" case, however, one can, to some extent, understand the hostility which he provoked. If his garments were not peculiar, almost everything else about him was. As though his being deaf and dumb were not sufficient of themselves to make a *rara avis* of him, he would gesticulate lavishly and grotesquely. He would kiss people's hands, a courtesy which they regard in villages as queer. And then what did he want with all those walking-sticks? He had collected in his hovel some four or five hundred of them, and then there were the umbrellas! And he was poor, wretchedly poor, so why didn't he ever sell them? But he never did, you know. What first induced him to turn his attention to fortune-telling it seems impossible now to ascertain. But when he did realize that the Hedingham folk were looking askance upon him, he seems to have let slip no opportunity of turning his evil reputation to account. Something of a business man, this wizard? They often are. His fortune-telling brought sticks to the fire and food to the pot, kept the roof over his head, and was not, presumably, very arduous. Scraps of paper which the police removed from his hut after his demise, established the fact that his circle of consultants was extensive, though hardly distinguished.

Orthography and penmanship were peculiar at Sible Hedingham.

"What is the reesen my son do not right (? write) i mean that solger."

"Her husband have left her many yrs, and she want to know weather he is dead or alive."

And Cupid, of course; love is all witchcraft.

"Shall i marry?" is a common refrain.

"How many children shall I have?" demands a damsel in pencil.

Did ladies of a superior class consult this Essex Archimage? Surely, if they knew of his existence. Eve adores the occult.

One letter states :—

"The lady is comen herself on Monday to see yoo, and she gave you oll them things and the shillen."

Emma Smith, the wife of a beer-shop keeper, was the woman bewitched. When ale-wives have vapours, and dwindle upon malt, why then assuredly the Devil is in it!

Ten months before his death, the Frenchman, by means of gestures, had asked Emma Smith's permission to sleep in a shed upon her premises, a request which she granted. But having once spent the night there, he displayed no intention of ever quitting his new quarters. That he should be so taken with them only shows how uncommonly queer he must have been, unless, indeed, even this poor shanty offered better security against the weather than his former one.

After a few days, Emma Smith desired him to leave. He requested to be allowed to remain, and an altercation ensued. He "made signs," uncanny signs, you know, and at last wrote up legibly upon a door that in ten days' time she should be ill. And she *was*. Upon the tenth day she fell sick.

This is the gist of the evidence of John Pettit, cobbler.

"He saw an old man called 'Dummy' about eleven o'clock on the night of the 2nd of August at the 'Swan.' He ('Dummy') was then in his usual health. About forty or fifty persons were in the tap-room. Stammers (a carpenter) and Emma Smith were there. Emma Smith said that she had been in a bad state of health for nine or ten months, and she attributed her ailing to being bewitched by 'Dummy.' She said it was 'all through what "Dummy" had done to her.' She said he was a witch. She asked him ('Dummy') to go home with her, (to remove the spell,) and she told him she would give him three sovereigns and use him well. When this was told him, the old man refused. He drew his fingers across his throat. He meant he would rather have his head cut off, or his throat cut than go."

After this terrifying ultimatum, the mob apparently ousted "Dummy" from the tap-room. But it was by no means easy for the prosecution to elicit facts. The witnesses were elusive, Protean, kin to those "children

of evasion" of Peter Pindar. Whatever was happening, they seem invariably to have been looking in the opposite direction. The cobbler, however, saw the old man "shortly after" sitting outside the "Swan." Emma Smith was there urging him to go home with her. He refused; upon which she caught hold of his coat, and began to drag him towards the brook. Witness saw them both fall into the water. . . . He presently saw "Dummy" on "his hands and face" in the brook, which was deep there. Someone said, "He is trying to get out on the other side!" Mrs. Smith then crossed the bridge, and as he was trying to get out on the other side, pushed him back into the water. She pushed him back a second time. Afterwards "Dummy" got out. Witness saw the prisoner Stammers standing on the side where the man was first thrown in.

When "Dummy" got out, he went and sat on a heap of stones opposite the "Swan." Mrs. Smith appeared anxious, if she could not induce him to go home with her, to get him into the water again. She struck him several times across the shoulders with a stick. She struck him once on the head. She said "she would not hurt him on any account." She laid the stick down and began to kick him. About fifty persons were standing by. . . .

Later on Mrs. Smith, "Dummy," and the crowd went down Water Mill Lane. "Dummy" was carried. The brook was deep there. The street was full of people. Witness heard a woman's voice say, "Put him in," or "Swim him in the Mill Head!" Witness then heard a splash . . . and went down to see. He saw "Dummy" in the water, and Stammers was in the act of lifting him out of the water.

In such shuffling style do the witnesses deliver themselves. The cobbler "hears a voice"—he knows not whose—a splash—this tells him nothing. All the witnesses are in a conspiracy to avoid making statements which may incriminate them. And when the cobbler does go to look, which, of course, he has not been doing up till now, he sees only the rescue of the victim from the mill pond by the humane Stammers. In this good office Stammers is assisted by a Mrs. Bruty. The pair crossed the road

and laid the victim upon the grass. "The water appeared to be in his throat and"—hark to the cobbler!—"he was quite wet." The humidity of his person was remarkable, but then he had been in a pond!

"He lay on the grass," John Pettit continues, "ten minutes or a quarter of an hour! He appeared so weak that, without help, he could not be got up. He afterwards went to the 'Swan,' leaning on the wall for support. He knocked at the door of Mr. Ames, the butcher, who refused to let him in. Ultimately Mrs. Bruty and another woman helped him to his hut, witness following. The cobbler does not offer his personal services. He *follows*. But as soon as the two women have dragged the expiring sorcerer to his hovel and deposited him there, he offers excellent advice. "Witness recommended him to change his clothes."

The cobbler does not inquire whether "Dummy" is possessed of a second suit into which to change, although to judge from his habit of sleeping in borrowed sheds, it seems unlikely that he was the owner of an extensive wardrobe. Poor devil! A complete second suit! It was a large assumption. Neither does the cobbler make any effort to ascertain whether the aged man finds himself strong enough to be able to change. And yet the query would seem pertinent after the cursing, hooting, hustling, kicking, buffeting, and partial drowning to which he had so recently been subjected. No. "Witness recommended him to change his clothes." The advice has the beauty of some abstract proposition of pure geometry. In theory the recommendation was excellent. In practice there might be some little difficulty in adopting it.

But the cobbler was an oracle, and whoever heard of an oracle quitting the tripod of his meditations for the field of action? He contented himself by contemplating that last scene in the dying man's hut, or as rustics have it, by "standing and gorming." Later, in court, he discloses his impressions.

"Dummy," he averred, "appeared much exhausted, and in a very different state from what he had been when he first saw him at the 'Swan.'"

The witness Jones had observed "the little girl Garrod kicking the deceased." Her shoes were light,

however, and "she did not hurt deceased much." The victim's personal impressions remained unrecorded.

The "little girl Garrod," with considerable self-possession, denied having kicked the deceased. What did she look like, this little Victorian. Did she wear "pigtails"? Did she in any way resemble Miss Morleena Kenwigs in the picture by Cruikshank, or was it "Phiz"? In the absence of any portrait, I find that my imagination insists on presenting her so. This child was the only witness cited who did not appear to be intimidated by the notion that "Dummy" might even yet take reprisals upon them. Miss Morleena Garrod, as I had almost called her, deposed to having seen Mrs. Smith hit "Dummy" with a stick, several times across the shoulders, and twice across the top of the head. At this juncture the immortal cobbler claims to have piped up, "Don't hit him with a stick, especially on the head," but he did nothing to stay the avenging arm. Mrs. Smith took "Dummy's" hat, threw it into the water and cried out: "You old Devil! You served me out and I will serve you out!"

Edward Hickford, of Sible Hedingham, avowed that "deceased was kept a quarter of an hour muddling in the water."

Mr. Sinclair, surgeon to the Halstead Union, declared that death resulted from the treatment deceased received, and Mr. A. Meggett, surgeon, was in entire agreement with the view expressed by Mr. Sinclair.

Mr. W. V. Fowke, gentleman, stated that hearing upon the day following that deceased had been ill-used, he went to his hut. He found him wet and covered with slime. He stank of stagnant mud. There was mud on his head. Witness gave assistance and undressed him. He screamed with pain. On his shoulders were large black bruises. Witness got him tea and brandy. The next day witness saw Superintendent Elsey and had deceased sent into Halstead Union. Witness was one of the guardians of the poor.

When the doctor in Wilde's comedy told Bunbury that he was ill and would die, he died, and Emma Smith was hardly less impressionable. "Dummy" told her she would be ill—and she was ill. Still she might reflect

that, if "Dummy" had gone near to kill her, she had finally and unequivocally slaughtered him. She might take note that, if she had not like Matthew Arnold's Empedocles, exactly "advanced true friends," yet she had notoriously "beaten down" at least one "baffling foe." But I doubt she was past the consolations of the stoic philosophy. And who knew even now what "Dummy" might be up to? "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well." Ah! But did he? That was the whole point! Was he not, perhaps, on the contrary, very much alive? Might he not conceivably, at this very moment, regard his quondam persecutors—from that spiritual plane to which they had so unadvisedly, and so precipitately transferred him—with an eye expressing the exact reverse of what is commonly understood by the word benevolent? And if he did, why, then, there might be shocks ahead for Mr. Edward Hickford and Emma Smith, for Mr. Ames the butcher, for the twaddling cobbler, for the "little girl Garrod," for the witness Jones, and for those fifty odd "eminently respectable" small tradesfolk and others with whom the village street had been so full upon the eve of the tragedy. "Who laughs last . . . ." What were "Dummy's" *feelings* about them. No means of knowing. The grave is so inarticulate! Possibly they would all know soon enough! Oh, it was a *horrible* situation!

Emma Smith gave evidence in a peculiar voice and in fear. Deceased came to her house first. He spat upon her and told her that after a time she should be ill, and she was ill. A doctor came to see her twice in a night, but could not cure her. The man came to her shop ten months ago and asked leave to sleep in her shed. She let him, but in a few days when she wanted him to leave, he "made signs," and wrote upon a door that she should be ill in ten days, and she was ill. He made her ill and bewitched her, and she went everywhere, but no one could set her right again. She was afraid, for no medicine could do her good.

Chi Wong

By Ray Carr

I FIRST met him in one of the less reputable but more popular night-clubs little more than a stone's throw from Coventry Street. Monty Summerleigh took me there, and I most certainly should never have found my way into the place without Monty. But Monty knew everything and everybody and had to maintain his reputation as a gay young man about town. As a matter of fact, he was even then well on the wrong side of forty and thoroughly bored with life.

We sat at a small table and ate and drank expensively, but not well. Monty was continually nodding and smiling to people, and jumping up to exchange a few words with some particularly important acquaintance or other. In the intervals he would give me short biographical details: "That's Pansy Petal of the *Frivolity*. She's engaged to Rupert Delamere, the poet. There he is, the lanky fellow with the toothbrush moustache and the amber cigarette holder. . . . Ah! here comes old Schultze, the pickle prince. Millionaire, y'know. His wife died last year and now he has designs on that little girl with him. She was his typist, but those pearls she is wearing are genuine. . . . Evening, Hooker! How goes the new novel?" And he rose to greet the latest literary lion.

I must confess that I was a trifle bored. Black musicians producing much noise with drum and cymbals and saxophone, simpering youths immaculately clothed, girls with painted faces and a display of silk-stockinged legs and "undies" made little appeal to me.

Once or twice Summerleigh glanced anxiously in my direction, suggested moving on elsewhere.

"Dull here, what? Shall we drop in at the Lotus Eaters? Real good band there. Jimmy Crow's crowd, y'know."

But I elected to remain where I was. Jimmy Crow and his Lotus Eaters might prove even less attractive than the present company.

Then Summerleigh touched my arm. "See that fellow over there—the Chinaman dancing with the blonde girl in pink? Rather a remarkable fellow. He

has just taken his degree at Oxford. Honours in History, y'know."

I'm afraid that I grunted. Monty seemed to eye all his friends through a powerful magnifying glass; but I could see nothing to arouse enthusiasm in the short and somewhat thick-set Oriental who, in spite of an Honours degree at Oxford, had obviously mastered the intricacies of the latest dance.

"Yes. Feng Chi Wong is enormously wealthy. His father is a rice king in Rangoon." Monty paused to light a cigarette; and to refill my glass and his own. "The old man is a multimillionaire. And yet he began life as a sampan coolie. Never earned more than fifteen rupees a month until he was over forty. Think of it, twenty shillings a month! And out of that he saved enough to buy his sampan, then another one. Then he bought cargo boats, land, rice mills."

"The father must be a genius," I agreed. "But this youth——"

"A marvellous young fellow. In a couple of years he will double that business. Look at the advantages he has. Western education and so forth. Even now his old father is illiterate. Why, this youngster——"

The music stopped with a tremendous crash of sound and the young Chinaman and his partner took their seats at a table close to our own.

"I'll introduce you," volunteered Summerleigh, and before I could protest he had crossed the floor to Feng Chi Wong. A few moments later he returned with the Chinaman and the girl behind him. He had invited them to join us.

Even upon that evening I could find no fault with Chi Wong. He spoke with an Oxford accent and was dressed in the Oxford manner, save for an enormous emerald which flashed upon the third finger of his right hand. But there was no pose about him.

He was a knowledgeable youth with a marked sense of humour, and whenever he made some witty comment, he drew the approval of Monty. That worthy would glance at me with an expression which intended to convey, "What did I tell you? This Chinese youth is a remarkable personage."

And then Monty danced with the blonde girl and left me alone with Chi Wong.

"Are you going back to Rangoon?" I asked.

"Rather! My father is very old and I am to take over the business. Just now I am picking up a little experience in the City."

"It's a big business, isn't it?"

"Fairly big." He toyed with an empty champagne glass and for a few seconds silently watched the dancers on the crowded floor. "But I can see great possibilities. My father has always been very conservative. Natural, of course. . . . He began life as a coolie. And in the East, Mr. Vance, a man who rises from that depth has far more to contend with than the labouring man who becomes a capitalist in the West. In Asia the gap between the labourer and the man of means is infinitely greater. You cannot realize what it is to bridge that gap. . . . Well, my father built a bridge, but he is too scared ever to stray very far from that bridge. . . . But I intend to go ahead."

"You have courage."

"Oh, no. Only knowledge." He laughed. "By Jove! I love this tune 'Hot Potatoes.' Pretty cool of Summerleigh to carry off my partner." He tapped out the tune with a fork against the edge of a tumbler. Then he began to tell me again of what he intended to do when he returned to Rangoon.

"Do you know Monty Summerleigh well?" I asked when he paused.

"Not very. I've only met him half a dozen times; but he is very interested in me."

I nodded. "So I gathered. He spoke to me about you and told me something of what you have just said. Of course——"

The young Chinaman laughed. "That's just like Summerleigh. He always produces second-hand stuff, things he has heard his friends say. I like him very much, but he is rather like a looking-glass or a reflector."

It occurred to me that Chi Wong was very definitely a man of parts. He had summed up Monty exactly. Monty was bright, but he scintillated in the light of others.

I wondered why I had not thought of him in this way before.

The dance ended and our party was re-formed. And for the remainder of the evening I had no further opportunity of private conversation with the young Oriental. His vein of seriousness had vanished and his soul now seemed not to rise above the cacophonies of the negro band.

"That fellow with the saxophone is an absolute genius. He beats Jimmy Crow hollow," he declared.

"But Jimmy is such a darling"—this from the blonde girl.

Then Monty gave us his opinion, and the discussion only ended with the beginning of the next tune, "Bluey Blues," which Chi Wong claimed to be "top hole."

And that was my first meeting with him. Some days later I saw him driving an enormous mustard-coloured two-seater car down Piccadilly. There was a girl with him, not the little blonde of the night-club, and he waved nonchalantly to me as he swept past. But it was only an encounter of moments, and, of course, we did not speak.

. . . . . .

Three years later I was in Rangoon.

I was making a business tour of the East and was to be in Burma for only a very few days. My time was fully occupied, and I found that the men to whom I had borne letters of introduction had sketched out a busy time for me. Business was sandwiched in between games of golf and tennis; and I was regularly carried off to breakfast and dinner parties and to dances at one or other of the palatial clubs.

Rangoon is a cosmopolitan city, a meeting-place for the Near East, India, and farthest Asia. Its streets are thronged with Jews, Armenians, and Persians, Bengali babus and bronze-hued coolies from the Madras coast. The picturesque silk-clad Burman rubs shoulders with his Shan and Chinese cousins; and there are, too, Mohammedans from Afghanistan, Singapore, and Java. Europeans, Eurasians, men of every creed and colour are to be found. And the city is dominated by that resplendent golden spire of the Shwe Dagon pagoda.

I found it vastly interesting and regretted that I should

have to pass on so soon. And I fear that my curiosity and enthusiasm were more than a little boring to the men who set out to entertain me. To them the city was commonplace. Their chief interest lay in their next period of leave. London and Glasgow were the magic cities for them.

It was at the Gymkhana Club, an imposing building with marble floors and one of the longest bars in Asia, that I heard again of Chi Wong.

Carrington of the Oriental Bank casually mentioned his name, and at once I recalled my meeting with the young man at that night-club close beside Coventry Street.

"Chi Wong! Isn't his father a merchant prince of sorts?" I asked.

"Father's dead. Chi Wong is the merchant prince. Perhaps I should say emperor." Carrington laughed. "That youngster has ambitions, and if he doesn't go bust, he is going to be one of the biggest men east of Suez."

I told him that I had once met the young Chinaman.

"At Oxford, was he? . . . Of course, we don't mix much with Asiatics out here. T'wouldn't do." And the banker carefully lit a very black Burma cheroot. "Naturally, one has to meet them occasionally, and I've spoken to Chi Wong often enough. But I can't say I know him. They say his father left three crores of rupees, over a couple of million pounds. And yet this young chap must set out to try and quadruple it. Works like a nigger, I'm told." He blew out a cloud of smoke and emptied his glass. "Have another peg? Hi, boy . . . ." He summoned a white-clad Madrassi waiter.

When I returned to my hotel that night, I found awaiting me a large and expensive-looking envelope which contained an invitation card heavily inscribed in gold lettering. It was from Mr. Feng Chi Wong, who was giving a dinner on the following evening in honour of some naval officers from a State with a wellnigh unpronounceable name. I immediately made up my mind to attend the function and felt that I should enjoy meeting Chi Wong once more.

. . . . . .

He lived in a house which was little short of a palace both in size and appearance. I did not enter the building,

for the entertainment was conducted in the gardens, which must have covered several acres.

The house and the lawn before it were ablaze with electric lights, whilst great silken Chinese lanterns made warm patches of luminous colour along the winding paths and beneath the trees.

My host was attired in a loose fitting suit of cream-coloured silk; but, except for several Burmans who were arrayed in vivid colourings, most of the guests were in black or tropical white dinner-jackets finished off in some cases with a fez or a turban. The guests of honour, brown-skinned, squinty-eyed little men, were in naval mess kit and much be-ribboned.

Chi Wong was genuinely glad to see me and piloted me to a long table set out with cocktails. He introduced me to several people, and I noted with some relief that I already knew a few of the European guests.

"I am so pleased that you could come, Mr. Vance. . . . But why did you not let me know that you were in Rangoon? I only discovered that you were here by the merest accident."

I was compelled to admit that I had forgotten that Rangoon was his home. "Besides, my stay is a very short one. I go on to Singapore in a couple of days."

"Too bad! Is that Martini as you like it?"

A moment later he moved away, excusing himself on the score that he had to meet other guests. "But I must have a chat with you later in the evening."

We dined under the stars at a great horseshoe table, and at the other end of the lawn upon a brilliantly-lit stage a Burmese pwe (theatrical performace) was in progress for our amusement. There was an incessant throbbing of drums and the clash of cymbals; and dancing girls decked out in tinsel and silks postured and swayed to the music. Occasionally they sang in high, strident voices.

My neighbours at table I found to be an English lawyer and a Japanese banker, the latter an adept with the chop-sticks.

"See! It is quite easy." And he pecked with his sticks at a pea. "You use them so. And so. . . . It is this one stick which does all the work."

We went through the interminable courses of a Chinese dinner. Bird's-nest soup, shark's fin, crisp little pieces of pork crackling, pickled eggs very black but tasty, weird little sausages and numerous other strange dishes followed each other in endless succession. And interspersed amidst them were English courses.

The scurrying Madrassi table-boys continually refilled our glasses with champagne. And what with the champagne, my unusual surroundings, the tropical star-filled sky overhead, and that throbbing primitive music I felt as if I had suddenly been transported to another world.

"You're a stranger in Rangoon?" inquired the lawyer next to me after we had carried on a desultory conversation for some time.

"Yes. But I happened to meet Chi Wong in London some years ago."

"Really! I suppose he was quite the Westerner then. What was he like?"

I told him.

The lawyer helped himself to a few nuts. "Yes, he has altered since his return. You see that tonight he is wearing Chinese dress. He has taken what he could learn from Europe and has discarded the rest. Sensible fellow." He lowered his voice. "Look at all these Orientals here aping our dress and our ways. I've no use for them. Chi Wong is above that sort of thing. Although he is worth more than all the rest of us put together, he knows his place."

"Knows his place?" I was puzzled.

"Yes. You know the old saw about East and West not meeting. But I suppose you don't, as you are only a visitor."

The man, I must confess, annoyed me. And, later, when I was speaking to Chi Wong I came to realize just why I was annoyed. But I also realized in part, at least, the point of view of that lawyer.

After dinner most of the guests grouped themselves around the pwe, but my young Chinese host led me down a quiet walk bordered by sweet smelling trees.

"Mr. Vance, I would like to dance again at that place where I met you. I remember that night very well. 'Bluey Blues' was a topping tune."

"But I suppose you get plenty of dancing here."

He paused in the centre of the path and waved his cigar in the direction of the posturing dancing girls. "Only that form of dancing. . . . Western dances are for Westerners, only. Europeans will dine with me, play cards with me, do business with me, but——" He walked on. "They draw a rigid line between me and their womenfolk."

We strolled in silence for a few moments.

"But I don't blame them altogether. After all, my womenfolk are not visible this evening . . . And I can always book a passage to Europe if I want what I cannot get here."

He was bitter, and yet he indicated that things could not be otherwise than they were. He did not blame anybody. His own people, too, maintained a strict exclusiveness in many ways.

"I can even understand why the barriers are up for me here whilst they are down in the West. But what I don't understand is the damned superiority of some of your countrymen, Mr. Vance. Business ability, learning, money, of any of these I have more than any Englishman in Rangoon. What I object to is being looked upon as a sort of performing ape—very clever and intelligent and all that, but not really to be trusted." Then, suddenly, his mood changed. "Oh! Let us stop discussing this twaddle. I suppose I am depressed because I had rather a lot of champagne. It always affects me like that. Come along and see the pwe. It should interest you."

I certainly did find the performance interested me for some little time; but then it became boring. The music of the drums and cymbals and high-pitched flute seemed to my Western ear to be monotonous; and monotonous, too, was the posing of the dancing girls. They swayed their arms and bodies in a strange angular manner, but the movements were continually repeated. The whole thing appeared to be without beginning and without end.

Then I was buttonholed by my lawyer acquaintance of the dinner-table and, as I saw that other guests were departing, I also decided that it was time for me to go. But it was some minutes before that lawyer released me

and he insisted that I should have a final peg at the refreshment-table before I left.

We were somewhat removed from the main body of the guests and from the pwe itself. In the brilliant light and against a background of velvet-blue tropical night the scene again impressed me with its unreality. It was like a setting on a vast stage. Theatrical, too, was a group of Burmese girls who sat on chairs apart from the guests. Their powdered faces were dead white and almost expressionless in the fierce glare, and the flowers in their coiled black hair and their bright silken skirts made vivid dots and splashes of colour.

"See those girls!" said the lawyer. "Chi Wong does his guests well. After the show——" He waved his half-filled glass expressively in the direction of the house; then he laughed a trifle coarsely. "Not for us respectable married men, eh?"

And as I drove back to my hotel I wondered if, after all, there was not some ground for those barriers which Chi Wong found so trying.

. . . . . .

Again, some years later, I was in Burma.

On this occasion, after a few days in Rangoon, I visited that small and decaying port, Mudon. It lies on the Thandwin river some thirty miles from the sea and its trade in rice and timber is steadily dying, for the stream is dangerous to navigate and the rival port of Rangoon attracts all trade.

I had determined whilst in Rangoon to renew acquaintance with Chi Wong as soon as I arrived. But I could not find him.

It appeared that a year or two previously he had gone insolvent. His speculations had been on an immense scale and, when the inevitable crash came, his creditors were left with nothing. Even his palatial residence was an asset of little value, for it could be put to no practical use. . . . I saw it empty and mouldering, its white stucco walls stained with damp and its vast compound a weed-entanged jungle.

"Chi Wong!" exclaimed more than one man. "Oh, yes, he went phut some time back. Absolutely finished . . . . No, I don't know where he is now. Probably cleared

out to China or the Straits. He might have had a nest-egg hidden away there."

And so, when I went to Mudon, I was under the impression that I had seen the last of my Chinese friend. But I was wrong, for it was upon the outskirts of the town that I met him for the third time.

Mudon hugs the bank of the river, and behind it rises a steep jungle-clad ridge which is crowned with many pagodas. Beyond the ridge lies flat open country cut up into many small holdings where market produce is cultivated.

One evening I climbed the ridge and then strolled down to the gardens beyond. The sun was low in the sky and already its light was of that rich amber texture which proclaims the sunset. The golden pagodas on the ridge were aflame, and on the breeze there came the faint tinkle of the bells which crowned them.

I paused to watch a sturdy Chinaman assisted by several coolies carry out the process of watering his cabbages and beans by means of a primitive well. A bucket suspended from a long bamboo arm was lowered into the water. When it was full, the other end of the arm was depressed and the brimming bucket rose to empty its contents into bamboo pipes which distributed the water.

The bronzed and almost naked coolies and the Chinaman in his short tattered blue trousers and singlet made a picture of activity amidst that quiet landscape. And in the background, nearby a rough little wooden house, a couple of small yellow-skinned children played.

The coolies continued to work at the mill and the owner, for so I judged him to be, walked between the rows of beans and began to examine them. I was impressed with his sturdy figure. His great calves and muscular arms denoted a man who was unafraid of work. And the scrupulous care with which that garden was tended confirmed this.

He slowly approached and, looking up, saw me. And a quiet smile played about his lips as he came towards me with outstretched hand. It was a moment of mutual recognition.

"Chi Wong!"

"Mr. Vance!"

He excused himself from inviting me into his little house. "It is not fit for my friends. But it is only temporary. . . . Let us stroll in the lane."

And then he recounted what had occurred in the last few years. He had been too ambitious. The banks panicked and refused him further credit, and all pressed their claims at once. Not only did he fail, but he was literally stripped bare.

"My wife's jewels, children's jewels, everything was thrown into the breach. But, of course, nothing could avert a disaster after the banks deserted me. . . . I really believe now that my father was a wise man. He was conservative, but he realized his own limitations."

A friend, he told me, had advanced the money for the purchase of the garden. . . . "I have repaid him, Mr. Vance. This garden is now my own. I have six acres, that little shanty of a house, several bullocks and carts, and I now employ coolies. When I began here, I was alone." He looked proudly about him. "But it is different from Oxford . . . and Rangoon."

I murmured something about his being sure to get on, and I was struck by the confident laugh which met my remark.

"Of course, Mr. Vance. My father at forty had not begun to lay his fortune. Here am I just over thirty, and already I have overcome the worst part of the struggle. . . . It will be some years yet before I can get back into really big business, but I will . . . I will."

He was not boasting. He spoke of a thing that must happen. Listening to him, I felt as certain of his success as he himself did. And as he stood before me, bathed in that amber sunlight, I saw him as he really was, as one of a great people who look upon life as a matter of infinite toil and labour. To them hard work is the lot of every man and success is its reward.

Chi Wong knew his destiny and would achieve it. Those other meetings of ours, the night club, and the pwe—they were only incidentals.

I had seen the real man for the first time. This was the essential being, the same as his father and his father's father before him. He must win.

And now I look forward to the next meeting.

The Pearl of Price

By Martin Armstrong

The Chinese carver, waxen-pale,
  Sedately carves from day to day
An image small as a finger-nail,
  Then bears it to some warm sea-bay
Where, under the sliding silver floors,
  Oysters like pale and scentless blooms
Unclose their crinkled porcelain doors
  To the slow tide's crystal glooms.
There on a rock he takes his stand,
  A naked shape of yellow wax,
Clutching the image in his hand;
  Then cleaves the water like an axe;
Across the liquid nether sky
  Shoots sudden and slim to the swaying floor;
Chooses a shell with cunning eye
  And thrusts the image through its door.
But the poor fish shrinks-to in pain
  And, closing, shuts the image in,
And seeking ever to regain
  Its wholeness, clothes in a pearly skin
The irksome shape. But the time being due,
  Back to the rock creeps the carver bare,
Plunges, a swift vague ghost of blue,
  Snatches the shell and leaps to air.
But the shell to the prizing blade
  Opens and yields a marvellous thing
With moonbright lacquer overlaid
  To charm the heart of some old king.

So do the scheming gods prepare
  Ingenious harms for human hearts
And, when the time is ripe, shake bare
  Their proud white arms and hurl the darts.
But the shrill barb strikes deep and cold,
  And we, turned inward on our pain,

Forget the happy world and fold
  Our lives about the bitter bane.
But time with slow and patient art
  Quenches the bane and blunts the sting,
Until at length the deathly dart
  Is changed to a pure and sacred thing,
Washed in the liquid gold of tears
  And sanguined with the heart's red stream,
Till all the old despair appears
  Bright with the loveliness of dream.

Lines on First Seeing Papyrus Growing in Sicily

By Douglas Ainslie

PAYYRUS of the tousled head,
  Most literary reed,
You must have guessed, ere ink was shed
  On any parchment screed,
Not only what the poet feels,
  Composing wondrous books,
But also—here the fancy reels—
  Exactly how he looks!
You sway in the Sicilian breeze,
  With finely frenzied hair,
Fantastic as Madame Félise,
  Perverse as Baudelaire.
Roses in yonder thicket bloom,
  Blue lotus dreams hard by,
But you reflect your coming doom!—
  Poets and Poetry.
I rise and in my mirror gaze,
  My hair is all askew,
My eyes are in a kind of haze,
  Papyrus, just like you!

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

London Statues

"I see," said Heddle, "they're going to put up a statue to Mrs. Pankhurst."

"Are they?" said Sergeant Murphy. "Well, it's just what they would do. Some people can't forget or forgive. Just because she was wan of the gallant leaders of the self-sacrificin', shriekin' sisterhood that be constitutional means—with an occasional diversion in the way of chewin' a policeman's ear off—forced the British Government to inflict the vote on women, who'd most of thim rather have a pair of silk stockin's, which they know what to do with—Where was I? Oh, yes—I think it a shame for thim to libel her in stone for countless ginerations unborn to sthrike matches on."

"There's a lot of statues knocking about London streets already," remarked Heddle with an air of profundity.

"Don't I know it?" said the Sergeant. "Wherever there's a fair vista in London Town you're sure to find it contaminated be a figure in Old Red Sandstone of a morose-lookin' fellah with throusers that would disgrace a lino-layer. The tide of thraffic surges round, millions of men pass it every week, yet not wan in fifty can tell you if it represents Doctor Barnardo or Jack Hobbs. Now what's the good of a statue like that, hewed out as a rule be a monumintal mason? All it can do is put a strong check on the 'Come to Britain' movement.

"A lot of the statues, I'm told, was presented to the City in days gone by be the originals, and if so, I can only say that the Mace Bearer wasn't puttin' his back into his job or they'd have been poschumious statues. But now they've been included in the assets of the City, and are carried forward each year with the Old Bailey, the Lord Mayor's coachman, London Stone, and the pigeons billeted at St. Paul's. There must be some fierce language each year whin the auditors go round checkin' the statues and find there's not wan to write off.

"But we're just as bad nowadays ourselves. We're always commemoratin' somethin' and, as a rule, it runs to a statue or wan of them plaques of blunt-nosed men stuck in a wall. Say a fellah has presented a town with a park or a library or an art gallery. We thank him, call it the George Miggins Park, and then ask for tenders for the consthruction of an outsize of him in Carrara marble to do sinthry-go outside the munificint donation, and keep his memory green, thus knockin' at wan blow twinty-five per cint. off the value of the gift.

"I never see anny point meself, Heddle, in artificial stunts to keep memories green. If a man's work is important enough to remember, people will remember him without a statue. There's no stone representation of Charles Peace, as far as I know, but would annywan say he's forgotten be his fellow-counthrymen ?

"I often wonder, Heddle, where they got this notion of commemoratin' a man be puttin' up a statue to him. I think they must be followin' the ancient Greeks. I've seen pictures of Greek gardens and Greek market places, and they were all infested with statues of people steppin' out of their baths, as you might say. But I've noticed the statues were mostly of young fellahs that on face and figure could have walked sthraight into fat salaries in Hollywood. They took care not to do thim in marble whin their jaws had begun to sag and their waistcoats to bulge.

"There's another thing. We may consider a man a whale of a fellah and put up a lot of statues to him, and maybe in fifty years he'll count no more than the alderman that declared Hungerford Bridge well and thruly open, and had his name stencilled on wan of the girders. It takes a good politician to keep forty years. And the great curse of public statues is that they're freehold, not on a lease.

"If I'd me way, Heddle, I'd have every statue in London thried for its life every five years be a jury of citizens who had to live in the vicinity of it. If it got the verdict, well and good; if not, well and better.

"I'm no Mother Shipton, but if that ever comes to pass, you'll see the divil's own dhrop in the price of crazy pavemints."

Is the Theatre in Danger?

By Horace Shipp

La Vie Parisienne. (Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith.)
Mariners. By Clemence Dane. (Wyndham's.)
After All. By John van Druten. (Stage Society.)

THE theatre at the moment presents some such spectacle as Rome must have done when the armies of Attila were sighted across the Campagna. The "Talkies," more dreaded and, from the viewpoint of many, more reprehensible than the Huns, are upon us! The theatre is doomed! Already, and here our classic simile fails us, many have deserted to the enemy; authors as imposing as Sir James Barrie, Mr. Galsworthy, and Mr. Somerset Maugham; actors as impressive as Sir Gerald du Maurier; producers as noteworthy as Mr. Basil Dean. Pessimists see the day when the drama of flesh and blood will have disappeared before this of mechanized voices and shadows; diehard optimists urge that there have been scares before and, if they be given to such erudition, recall that Shakespeare trembled before the threat of the invasion of the children of the Chapel Royal whose vogue threatened the institution of the legitimate theatre so many centuries ago. Utopians see the promise of the whole art of cinema and theatre being carried forward into new dimensions, synchronized cameras throwing figures and scenery "in the round" upon vapourized air in the centre of great circuses, with amplified voices and giant shades conveying to audiences of incredible thousands a drama which mechanism has freed to human service.

Whatever is to happen in the immediate or distant future, the situation must be faced by realists. Sentiment is an ineffective weapon against evolution. Our age is a machine age; the machine will operate; it is for those of us who care, to see that it serves. Happily evolution has a way of regulating its own pace, and I do not anticipate that drama as we know it will be a matter of history ten years hence. Happily, too, the best type of drama and the best type of acting have least to fear. The stuff in the theatre which is poor, vulgar, meretricious, which has

trained audiences to have no respect either for the literature or the histrionic arts of the theatre, will have no ramparts against the foe. On the contrary, a literary play, such as Clemence Dane's *Mariners*, with its sense of vocal English, its nuances, its subtlety, or personal acting, such as that of Lewis Casson or Sybil Thorndike; these things will have their place for a long time yet in the theatre. The demand for amusement may make little discrimination, but the understanding of art will not easily forfeit the satisfaction it gets from good work. It will look to talking films for an art of their own; it will continue to go to the legitimate theatre, just so long as that theatre gives it something which is placed outside the scope of the mechanical by the very fact of mechanism.

One thinks of the typical Playfair production of *La Vie Parisienne*. Its charm is talkie-proof. Personal, intimate, precious—whatever word comes most easily to mind to describe it removes it from the sphere of mechanics. I have no doubt that, with the advance of colour photography and the other inevitable advances which the new art will make, a version of the piece could be presented. Given those elements of progress and the right production to utilize them, it might in certain ways be better than the flesh and blood way, but in others it would be worse; and anyway it must be different. *La Vie Parisienne*, as we have it at present, has a quality which would take us to Hammersmith past multitudes of elaborately equipped talking film houses.

The same may be said of *Mariners*, so effective in its entirely different way. Clemence Dane's fault in her work is a too conscious sense of artistry; her pattern is too prominent. Yet her dramatic power, her characterization, the humanity of her people, and the sympathy with which she presents them, blind us, at least while we are in the theatre, to the arbitrary shape she has imposed upon events. Also she writes English—a rare and desirable accomplishment—which makes us jealous for the precious nuances of speech from her actors' lips. I doubt, too (although here I admit the possibility of conversion) whether one could ever feel quite the same sympathy with the tortured loving-kindness of the Rev. Benjamin Cobb or the despair of his wife, if these were shadowed forth by

pictures instead of by the fine acting which they get at Wyndham's Theatre.

Take again such a piece as the new play by Mr. van Druten as presented by the Stage Society. Here the method stands as the poles asunder from that of Clemence Dane. There is little other art than a faithful transcription of life, depending for its quality upon verisimilitude. It was far from being a great piece of work, and the carelessness of craftsmanship which one glimpsed in *Young Woodley* was here manifest. Two or three times the play restarted after leading us to believe that here at last was the central idea. There was no shape, only the significance given by the author's sentimental moral that home life, however tyrannous, is happiest "after all." Its reactionary fervour demanded much weighting of the scales to affect the desired balance, but this mattered little against the inartistic looseness of construction which sent us upon numerous false scents as to what the play was about. Nevertheless, its good moments were acting moments, depending upon their intrinsic humanism, and from the viewpoint of this article I do not see them being "got over" nearly so well by the more abstract art of the talking picture.

Here, then, are three plays taken from current London theatrical fare which have qualities untouchable by the mechanized method. It seems to me at the moment that this great new art has more to fear from the old theatre than *vice versa*. Not economically—for there its mass production gives an enormous advantage—but æsthetically. It has wonderful possibilities, new means of emphasis, new methods of appeal, new chances of rhythm, a fluidity undreamed of by the old drama.

Into this new country the *emigrés* from the old are flocking with their ideas unsuited, stilted, unworthy. The old dramatists holding it as near their stage traditions as possible; the old actors with their same bags of footlight tricks; the novelists with their belief that their art with a minimum of adaptation meets all needs; the old producers even, with their minds narrowed by a proscenium stage. That, if anything, is the real menace, both to the old art and the new; and in the threatened co-operation rather than in any competition the danger lies.

Books

THE GREATEST LIFE

JESUS OF NAZARETH. By CHARLES GORE, D.D. Home University Library: Thornton Butterworth. 2s. 6d.

TODAY the life of Christ and the Gospel story are commonly rediscussed by smart journalists and writers who seem to have no particular desire for the necessary research and no particular aptitude for the religious life. They sentimentalize or produce some wild originality which appeals to shallow minds. There is a great gulf between these popularizers and a scholar and divine like Dr. Gore. His account of Jesus has, we are glad to notice, already achieved a very considerable circulation, but it is difficult to conceive of him as making concessions to the mutable many, sentimentalizing for the market-place, or putting forward anything that he does not sincerely and deeply believe.

He gives credit to modern research and considers calmly what would a while since have been regarded as outrageous suggestions. The book is short and condensed, with a minimum of footnotes; and even so, space has not allowed the discussion of points of importance. How, for instance, are the character and action of Judas to be explained, and how did he remain one of the Twelve, when the followers of Christ were sifted out, as St. John tells us? The first chapter of historical background is really essential for an understanding of the story. After two more, on "The Galilean Ministry" and "The Teaching of Jesus," we come to "The Rejection and Crucifixion," a chapter on the trustworthiness of the Gospels, and a final one on "The Risen Jesus and the Faith of the Apostles." Everywhere we find a freedom from prejudice not common in theological work. Thus we read:

> Any careful student of the Gospels will feel that on this matter of the kingdom there is some considerable confusion in the Gospels and some considerable difference in tone; for instance, as between St. Matthew and St. Luke, or still more between St. Matthew and St. John.

St. Mark and St. Luke are taken generally as the best authorities. The idea of an original document on which all the Gospels rest is not new, but in the form of "Q" (German "Quelle," which is only "source") it appears to take on a solid existence which is a mere matter of conjecture, and to be referred to as certainly containing this or that. This "foundation document" was, one would suppose, confined to the words of Jesus; if it was a record, made soon after the events occurred, of an historical sort, how comes it that the Gospels differ so widely on facts that must have been of vital importance, such as those concerning the trial of Christ and his subsequent reappearance? Why does one Evangelist only record the sending from Pilate to Herod, or the raising of Lazarus, which was so striking as to make many

Jewish converts? Is it fair to say that the discrepancies of detail after the Resurrection are

> only such as *ought* to occur in any testimonies not manipulated by art in the interests of rigid consistency?

Some will feel that these discrepancies need explanation. St. Luke at the beginning of his Gospel writes of "many" as having taken on an orderly declaration of the story. These "many," if the original eyewitnesses were scattered and never met to revive their experiences, may have confused the memories of advancing age, such as that of St. John, here credited with writing the Fourth Gospel about A.D. 90. The verbal infallibility once claimed has happily gone. However critics disagree on this point and that—we are told that "they exaggerate the worth and certainty of their conclusions and mislead the public"—Dr. Gore is content to depend on

> the general evidence that Jesus is found exercising a kind of authority over man which is properly divine authority, and claiming a kind of faith which God only can properly claim.

There is a very interesting discussion of the earliest record of the Resurrection, which is St. Paul's in 1 Corinthians, and no reasonable criticism can deny the total transformation it produced in the minds of the chosen within a few weeks.

The figure presented to us by the Gospels is claimed as not in the least like the products of the myth-making faculty, and it is true that the great masters of imagination have not come near it in their most famous characters. In biography the nearest thing to the beauty of the New Testament is the account of Socrates and his end; but it does not equal the Evangelists, though Plato was a supreme artist in prose and they were not. Probably every critic of the Gospel story comes to it with some prepossession which influences his judgment. As De Morgan says in his "Formal Logic,"

> Some settle the case in their own minds and try the witnesses; some settle the witnesses and then try the case; not a few bring their second result back again to justify their first assumption.

Dr. Gore assumes nothing; he is critical and candid; and he tells us that we can, if we will, in great measure test for ourselves the conclusions we should reach. His little book should be a real aid to such judgment instead of wandering about in the pursuit of ingenious, but uncertain, theories. V. R.

FICTION

DARK HESTER. By ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK. Constable. 7s. 6d.

A NOVEL by Mrs. De Selincourt is always worth notice. "Dark Hester" is admirable, both as a well-knit story with its surprises and sensations, and—more importantly—as a fair exposition of the clash between the ideas of the modern girl and Victorian ideals. When Hester married, she was confronted with a mother-in-law

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passionately devoted to the son she had won. The mother had worked hard to give him the best education, seen him broken by the war, and hoped to see him take to the girl she knew and loved. Dark Hester was different: a Girton girl full of the downright, rebellious freedom of today, refusing to be married in church, and applying psycho-analysis to her small son. She was apt to be sulky, if not rude. The mother could not like her, even if she was the right wife, and was intensely jealous. She went away to save friction, but the married pair followed her to a house near-by and brought with them a dose of their modern crowd of artists and Bohemians.

Then the interplay of manœuvre and resentment began, tempered by the mother's love for her son and grandson. She herself was still attractive and by no means a grandmother in appearance. The newest fashions, including a crude lack of manners, are hit off with delightful humour; but the balance is not inclined against the young wife. She proves great in her own way and capable of sacrifice. When the final understanding is reached, we have enjoyed much that is subtly and delicately done, and the sure touch vivifies the background as well as the human emotions.

No Love. By David Garnett. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

Some may think that "Nobody Worth Loving" would have been a better title for this clever novel than that derived from Benedict Lydiate's answer to his own question, "What's wrong with Simon?" Benedict—whose parents are avowed atheists, married in 1886—is less unpleasant in his mentality than the callous Simon Keltie, only child of a distinguished naval officer and of a mother who tempers intense boredom with persistent irony. The two families, with their servants and labourers, form the entire population of a small peninsula near Chichester. The descriptions of land and sea would often be delightful but for the natures of most of the human creatures; though, indeed, the most pleasing part of the book tells how Benedict's father teaches Simon's wife, Cynthia, to mow with a scythe, and of her work as a land-girl. This generally agreeable passage is immediately followed by the account of her misconduct with Benedict, her husband's closest "friend," whilst Simon is on his ship as a regular officer during the war and Benedict is a R.N.R. seaman on short leave.

Mr. Garnett has chosen to compete in the class of novelists in whose work lack of reticence is matched by wealth of cynicism. The interlude of Benedict's "affair" with a shameless alien girl whom he meets at a science school might be slipped into a characteristic chapter of Casanova without appearing incongruous, while the description of Cynthia's seduction, like that of her seasickness, is an unpleasant instance of a desire to attain "realism" at all costs.

The Boroughmonger. By R. H. Mottram. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Mottram has returned to East Anglia and presents once more figures in the notable bank he gave us in "Our Mr. Dormer," and presents, above all, with loving care a typical picture of England as it was in the thirties of the last century, when Reform was looming in the political air. His subject is an election with its hustings and fine chances for rough work by Buff and Blue, and it is the natural son of Lord Carstone, a local magnate, who is suddenly put in to carry the Buff interest. He fails in that, but is left with the prospect of enjoying a colonial post with the girl he has wooed and won. The lawyer who runs the election is the most striking figure, though we are inclined to award that praise to the inn, complete from the dominant landlady to the inarticulate stable-boy.

The book will give pleasure to all genuine lovers of England, and our main criticism of it is that it is too staid in language. It is well to be spared the Norfolk dialect, one of the most difficult in England, but ladies and gentlemen, to judge from Jane Austen, talked more easily than Mr. Mottram allows them to do. They were both sententious and slangy, and the mixture has its charm.

Mr. Mottram almost reaches the earlier eighteenth-century solemnity. At the same time his passing comments on his characters are always worth notice. He says of the small servant girl:

> She was, in fact, so consciously at the bottom that she retained a certain rudimentary sense and initiative,

and he has realized well the instincts and inhibitions of her class. Has an English crowd a sense of guilt? Hardly, we should say; though, till it is warmed up to action, it has a self-conscious fear of being ridiculous.

The landscapes are admirably done.

THE LOVE OF THE FOOLISH ANGEL. By HELEN BEAUCLERK. Collins. 7s. 6d.

THIS book is the first selection of the newly-formed Book Society, and is decidedly original in its scheme and choice of material. The author begins with the Miltonic story of Heaven and Hell, and discovers an angel who somehow got into Satan's band of followers and admired him, but did not join in his battle against the good angels. Later, being a fool, he was kicked out of Hell to do evil work on earth among early Christians. His task was to mislead women, but instead he fell in love and won redemption, after many trials, which recall the world of the "Arabian Nights."

The scenes on earth are frankly sensuous, like the account of Heaven, but desire is modified by the influence of a holy man, and in a beautiful passage delivered by a scholarly teacher love is shown to more than the common Eros. The style of the book has a mannered charm which reminds us of the "Daphnis and Chloe" of Longus. It is effective, but we do not expect it to please everybody. To be naïve, erudite and glowing is not easy. Surely in such prose "forever" as a single word is a mistake.

TWO SIDES OF THE FACE—MERRY GARDEN AND OTHER STORIES. By SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH. Dent. Each 3s. 6d.

WITH these two books the attractive "Duchy Edition" of the author's tales, long and short, comes to an end; and we realize with some surprise that he has filled thirty volumes. Every page, we learn, was written with a penholder he bought for threehalfpence at Oxford when he was due for an examination; and it is a much-enduring implement which deserves praise for never slopping over. "Q" leaves to "any younger man, who may think it worth while," his "little legacy of straight story-telling." He might often have written at greater length and bored his readers into submission, or even have indulged the pathological vein which goes far to spoil some good storytellers today. But, as a disciple of Stevenson, he has been true to romance, which will never be rooted out of the human mind.

The best of his stories have both excitement and abundant humanity; he can give us the chaff of gentlemen, a knowledge concealed from some of our admired realists; and his scholarly endowments—or should we call them handicaps today?—are modified by a keen sense of humour. He does not always bring off his story to the best advantage, but he always writes with grace; and we would back his *Erica vagans* to weather the storms of time much better than the whole produce of the Kailyard or the curious "loveliness" of the disgusting flowers of evil so common today.

DESTINIES. By FRANÇOIS MAURIAC. Translated by ERIC SUTTON. Secker. 7s. 6d.

SINCE the death of Proust there are few of the younger race of novelists who have made a deeper impression of greatness than François Mauriac. His "Thérèsa Desqueyroux" was welcomed as a masterpiece of description, although the subject was sordid, and he had over a score of volumes to his credit before it, of which the best known was "Le Baiser au Lépreux." The present book, "Destinies," has surpassed in popularity all his others. It is a profound study of Les Landes and its people and those who come from that wild region can trace many of the lesser characters to their living originals. The love of the soil, stronger than life itself, reminds one of the recent English equivalent, "Joseph and his Brethren." Although the book opens with a description of post-war Paris, with all its empty and foolish dissipation, the scene soon changes to the South from which the author comes. The theme is an old one, the love of a good woman for a worthless debauchee, much younger than herself. The climax is a tragedy, but, although the woman is broken-hearted, one feels that she has escaped the worse fate she would have suffered as the wife of so empty a young scoundrel, cursed with facile beauty but void of character. This is certainly a book that will count in twentieth-century literature, and the publishers have done well in presenting it in an English dress to those who do not read French. The simplicity of M. Mauriac's style makes the translation, though always a difficult task, not too severe a strain on Mr. Sutton's powers. He follows, not too far off, the excellence of Mr. Scott Moncrieff and Mr. Lewis May as translators.

ANTHOLOGIES

THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY. Selected and Translated with a Prolegomenon by SHANE LESLIE. Benn. 12s. 6d.

A "PROLEGOMENON" seems rather pedantic for a "Preface," especially in a collection of English versions which spells Greek in English letters and gives other information familiar to the scholar. This book is meant for the ordinary man, and Mr. Leslie has brought to it a lively and critical intelligence. "Rhyming

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translations," he says, "have not been happy, though scores have tried." That is saying too much, and we could produce excellent verse renderings nearer the Greek than Cory's overworked "Heraclitus." Still, a prose of some freedom, which by a change of phrase sometimes saves points from the Greek, ought to show the clear-cut beauty of this immense collection. It ranges from the heroic days of Greece to the time when Rome was fast fading. Generally Mr. Leslie succeeds quite well in suggesting the aroma of the originals, and to err on the side of brevity rather than elongation is a merit. Here is the rendering of one of Plato's famous epigrams ("Sepulchral Epigrams," 669):

> Thou lookest on the stars, my starry friend. Would that I were Heaven to reflect thee with many eyes!

This is far preferable to the "Star-gazing, Stella?" which begins a learned professor's verse rendering, but we do not know that "reflect thee" is an improvement on the simple Greek, which is "look on thee," so rendered by Dr. Mackail and the Loeb translator. The verb "chuck" seems to us too slangy, but adventurous coinages like "dædally" and "hydropot" are fair enough. Shelley, a Greek in many ways, wrote of the "dædal earth." We like the little notes at the bottom of the page with

their modern instances, and would remind the Greekless reader of English poetry following the Anthology as often as possible. But why misquote Shakespeare twice, and why, as there is no list of contents at the beginning, miss giving an index of authors at the end? Insufficient indexing is a common fault among translators of the Anthology. A student must be very familiar with its extensive range to know precisely where he can re-read a favourite. Lucian's joke about the man who put out the light so that the fleas could not see won a Continental repute for Sir Thomas More in a Latin version. No. 676 of the "Sepulchral Epigrams," concerning an Epictetus who was a slave, lame, poor, and dear to the gods, suits well the great Stoic of the Discourses and the Enchiridion, and has been ascribed to him by English scholarship for over 200 years. Why is it headed "On a Dead Slave"? In the "Declamatory Epigrams" there are two tributes to the Enchiridion which have not found a place here. But, altogether, Mr. Leslie has provided an ample field for the reader to browse on, and if he does not shun Strato's shameless Muse, he pays unusual attention to Christian epigrams, more distinguished, as a rule, for fluency than charm.

THE TREE OF LIFE. An Anthology made by VIVIAN DE SOLA PINTO and GEORGE NEILL WRIGHT. Constable. 8s. 6d.

THE gatherers of this impressive anthology claim an original purpose. It presents the "essential unity of religious, philosophic, and poetic thought" as a protest against the idea that modern science has destroyed religion by putting its adventitious trappings out of date. It is thus a singularly wide exhibition of the religious life at "sundry times and in divers manners." Here are Plato and Plotinus, but also Samuel Butler of the broadest church, if any; mystics like Jalaluddin, and people who refuse to be mystic, like Tolstoy; artists as well as divines. Prof. Whitehead tells us that religion, when it changes its outward forms, makes feeble and reluctant apologies, unlike science, which welcomes modification and advance in Einstein.

We notice much that is pertinent from Wordsworth, but we should have added from his "Mutability":

> Truth fails not; but her outward forms that bear
> The longest date do melt like frosty rime,
> That in the morning whitened hill and plain
> And is no more.

Passages in foreign languages, like Antigone's plea for the unwritten laws of Heaven, are wisely given in English; but the plan of printing everything without authors' names, which are reserved to the end, if it helps to preserve continuity of thought, is a decided irritation to the reader. The Poet Laureate started this fashion, we think, some while since, but it was not generally approved.

The singular beauty of Blake will today be recognized by

many, but the prose of such thinkers as the Cambridge Platonists is little known. There are also some quite modern and notable things, particularly from Prof. Whitehead. Passages from the Bible might seem to old-fashioned readers too familiar to be included, but probably the compilers are right in bringing them forward today, when the New Testament is no longer known as it was.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

THE LIFE OF SIR CHARLES HANBURY-WILLIAMS. By THE EARL OF ILCHESTER and MRS. LANGFORD-BROOKE. Thornton Butterworth. 21s.

A MAN of exceptional sense and wit, the friend of Sir Robert and Horace Walpole, of Voltaire and Poniatowski, a lover of Peg Woffington and—"platonically"—of Catherine the Great before she fully attained greatness, Charles Hanbury-Williams enjoyed a career such as most ambitious youths of his day would have considered almost ideal in its opportunities. He was ill-suited in his marriage, but had happiness in its result, and troubles made less than their usual impression on one who could turn away to play lightly in verse.

Rarely has a British envoy sown more seeds of influence in a foreign State than did Hanbury-Williams by means of his warm friendship with the Grand-Duchess Catherine, although, so far as England was concerned, changes in our foreign policy prevented the fruits of his work in Russia from ripening. The "greatness" of Catherine as Empress was certainly in some part due to the principles which the British Ambassador had tactfully introduced into her mind during many hours of confidential talk.

Most of us know considerably more of the last forty years of the eighteenth century than of the preceding forty, and it is for the many rays of light thrown on social, political, and diplomatic affairs at home and abroad during the reign of the second George that this book merits special attention. It includes a great deal of first-hand evidence bearing on events with which Hanbury-Williams was directly concerned, and the correspondence of Sir Charles himself and his friends is worth any amount of the made-up talk which spoils so many modern biographies. His letters to his beloved elder daughter, Lady Essex, and to her husband, which include much excellent advice on personal conduct, are particularly attractive.

KINGS, CHURCHILLS AND STATESMEN: A FOREIGNER'S VIEW. By KNUT HAGBERG. Translated from the Swedish by ELIZABETH SPRIGGE and CLAUDE NAPIER. Lane. 12s. 6d.

THIS book is admirable in its brightness and cleverness, and delightful to read. It is evident that the young Swedish author is a devoted admirer of Mr. Lytton Strachey, and his style has the same qualities and defects. Clever points must be made at

all costs, and details like corpulency, which add little to the understanding of a character, are insisted on. Audacious and unscrupulous men secure an amount of attention not lavished on less brilliant figures, because they make such good "copy." Neither Lord Balfour nor Lord Asquith finds a place here. It is fair, however, to say that Mr. Hagberg has a wide knowledge of English life and politics, if some of his judgments seem shallow or ill-conceived. He appreciates the merits of Queen Victoria and King Edward. His apologia for the ex-Kaiser is ingenious but not always happy. He talks of his "unfortunate indolence" and "intense hatred for work and effort." In Germany many years before the war the general objection—only explained, of course, after considerable intimacy—was to his intense activity. He was freely called the most hard-working monarch in Europe. Lord Birkenhead, we learn, belongs to a type unknown in Sweden. That rather surprises us, but certainly no good judge of writing can echo the extravagant praise given by Mr. Hagberg to his journalism, though it be written "for fabulous remuneration." If Mr. Lloyd George is to be called a "great reader" (and his speeches show singularly little proof of such industry), Mr. Baldwin should be recognized as belonging to the scholar type. He has chosen to pretend that he knows nothing of oratory and is merely an ordinary Englishman, but no such Englishman could have swayed Parliament as he did with his "Peace in our Time" speech.

ARCHITECTS OF THE NEW AGE. By HAROLD BELLMAN. Sampson Low. 3s. 6d.

A PREFATORY declaration that "a few well-meaning friends have expressed a wish to see the substance of these addresses published" may deter some sensitive readers; but let them proceed into the body of this book and they will find that a considerable proportion of it is worth their attention. The five "architects" specifically considered are Bright, Lincoln, Kossuth, Mazzini, and Tolstoy. The general tone of the author's opinions on these influential men may be gathered from his remarks, early and late in his pages, that though "a Mussolini may strut the stage where Mazzini's soul travailed to win a nation's freedom," yet "Mussolinis are incidents and not institutions"; and that, "however pure and worthy may be the motives which prompt dictatorial action, a dictatorship invariably ends in calamity." While he thinks that we have "forgotten" the word "superman," he readily recognizes that "an era of outstanding issues is demanding outstanding figures." More, however, is needed of men who can serve humanity at large or the State in particular than "outstandingness." Integrity, wisdom, and knowledge have been but weakly represented in some men of today who have stood out with glaring prominence in public life at home and abroad.

Many readers will find the account of Louis Kossuth the most

satisfying of these studies. Not the least suggestive pages describe his relations as virtual dictator of Hungary, with Görgei, "the perfect soldier, cold, hard, stoical and as insensitive to political conditions as he was indifferent to any aspirations for the good of mankind."

THE HISTORY OF HOOK NORTON, 912–1928. By MARGARET DICKINS. The Banbury Guardian, Banbury. 6s.

EVERY parish should have its historian, and the author has in her unpretentious record of Hook Norton collected a great deal of interest from the earliest days. The D'Oily family appear as holders of the manor, and it came later into the hands of Thomas Chaucer, son of the poet, whose daughter Alice finally became Duchess of Suffolk. The fine tombs of both are at Ewelme, and Hook Norton has still a charity left by the Duke. Miss Dickins goes into the complicated system under which land was parcelled out and shows how remarkably place-names have survived till today. Thus the "Prestfelde" of 1155 is now "Priest Top," and the "Burturhulle" of the same date is "Butter Hill." These names are from the deeds of Oseney Abbey which, being founded by a D'Oily, occupied property in Hook Norton from 1129. There are a good many names indicating water, and the place must have been more marshy than it now is. Miss Dickins says that a stream of clear water has been used by the parish for 1,000 years. The church has several notable features of different periods and the fifteenth-century tower is particularly fine. There is a good deal of information about the manor in the sixteenth century, but we are rather surprised to find so little of Cavalier and Puritan, who have left a good many traces in the neighbourhood. The author has noted and explained several odd words, and we wish that in her last general chapter she had added something about dialect. Perhaps of late years it has perished under the efforts of the schoolmaster. This Warwickshire end of Oxfordshire was remote and isolated until that strange venture, the Banbury and Cheltenham Railway, struggled into existence. The connection with the "hog" in the place-name and the accusation of bad manners are due to Camden, not a scientific authority, and it is curious to realize that the local pronunciation "Hookeynarton" is pretty near the eleventh-century spelling. The earliest forms have nothing to do with pig.

It is a pity that the place is one of declining population. It has found in Miss Dickins a capable and enthusiastic historian.

GENERAL

LINKS BETWEEN SHAKESPEARE AND THE LAW. By the RT. HON. SIR DUNBAR PLUNKET BARTON, K.C., with a Foreword by the HON. JAMES M. BECK. Faber and Gwyer. 12s. 6d.

IT is satisfactory to have from a leading lawyer light on what seems at first the exceptional use of law-terms in Shakespeare,

for this is a question on which the layman can hardly hope to reach a sound decision. Not that good sense deters him from giving one. Mr. Beck in his pleasant preface supplies an instance of pretentious amateurism. Mark Twain was an excellent artist in his way, but his culture was largely of the Wild West standard; and he lost his temper as a Baconian, and swore copiously when Mr. Beck produced arguments he could not answer. His book, "Is Shakespeare Dead?"—some of it calmly cribbed from the late Sir George Greenwood without leave—is a shallow performance, and should be a warning that the whole question of Shakespeare is too complicated for a giddy amateur. It is a matter for experts, who have studied Elizabethan conditions and know that the current knowledge of the time differs widely from that of today, being, of course, infinitely narrower in many ways, but also wider in others the average reader does not realize.

Technicalities of the law, now doubly obscure because they represent obsolete practice, were bandied about by the intelligent Elizabethan public. Well-born young men, prominent in society, were frequently students of the Inns of Court, which also included several well-known dramatists. The drama, as a whole, was full of legal phraseology, and Shakespeare has no monopoly of it; indeed, it is shown that other playwrights went further than he did in such pedantry. Mr. Beck throws out the suggestion that he was a student of Gray's Inn; and the plays certainly show a remarkable interest in that society. Southampton and Pembroke make an obvious connection, and there Shakespeare may have discovered the wise pomposity of Burleigh as a hint for Polonius.

The author points out that the legal knowledge of the plays was not thought extraordinary till 170 years after Shakespeare's death. Stratford was a litigious town, and Shakespeare's father deep in litigation for many years. He himself, as a buyer of property was interested in legal processes. It is to be noticed concerning Ophelia that her suicide seems founded on a case at Stratford which created local excitement—the drowning in the Avon of Katharine Hamlett in 1580.

Some interesting additions are made of special references in Shakespeare to famous legal decisions. Such are Shelley's case, "on which the Queen directed the Lord Chancellor to assemble all the Judges of England"; the long litigation on Fines and Recoveries; and the Case of Perpetuities, also argued before all the Judges of England in 1595.

The book is not exhaustive in its references to Shakespeare's legal allusions, but it is clear and sufficient, and concludes with a notice of the exaggerations of Lord Campbell and others who have seen legal phrases in the veriest commonplaces. The author has now done for the law what he did nine years ago for Shakespeare and Ireland.

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